

# The Churchman.

SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1878.

INTELLIGENCE has been received by cable of the death, at Shanghai, on the 5th inst., of Miss Lydia Mary Fay, after about twenty-eight years' service in China. Miss Fay will always live in her work. If it be God's will that the six candidates for Holy Orders now in Duane Hall shall all be admitted to the diaconate, she will have had ten representatives in the ministry; as four of those already ordained (one of whom has gone before her) were under her instruction previous to their admission as candidates. When last in this country, Miss Fay said to a friend that she went to China hoping that God would make her instrumental in leading one native youth to the ministry of reconciliation, in which case she would gladly sing the song of the aged Simeon. We may consider that her prayer has been answered tenfold, and doubt not that with her last breath she was glad to say: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

THE Bishop of Western Texas, at the Missionary Conference last week, declared that statistics are wholly unveracious as to showing the actual condition of a Church. His illustration was admirable and forcible. "Suppose," he said, "that the Church at Laodicea had reported 500 communicants and \$20,000 of contributions, and the Church at Smyrna had reported 150 communicants and \$5,000 of contributions; and suppose the Church at Laodicea had gathered together this \$20,000 by such iniquities and enormities as church fairs, yet people would have said, 'Look at the Church of Laodicea! how it is growing, and how strong!' while poor Smyrna would have been pitied and not considered much of a Church after all. Therefore, I say, there is nothing so unsatisfactory in this matter as statistics. What we want to know is how far the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ is in this matter, and not how we are working the machine."

Those words ought to be remembered. The true statistics of the Church cannot be written. They cannot be expressed in figures and tables. It is not the number of scholars in a Sunday-school, but what they are taught and how they are influenced, that determines the value and success of the school. It is not the numbers of the clergy, but their religiousness and devotedness which are to be reckoned in estimating the Church's strength; for one earnest, devoted minister is a better instrument for good than a thousand indifferent, half-hearted, self-indulgent ones would be. It is not the number of communicants, but their zeal and their piety

that constitutes a measure of the Church's success in her work of winning souls to Christ.

## DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE MINISTRY.

English journals, both ecclesiastical and civil, are making comments upon the difference which has recently been made apparent between the English and American Churches in reference to the deposition of clergymen. To Englishmen the simplicity of the process in the American Church is novel and of doubtful merit. They are inclined to look upon it as crude and inadequate. A correspondent of the *London Times* writes: "In the Established Church in this country it costs some thousands sterling to depose a clergyman; in America it costs nothing to depose a bishop. Can any of your readers assign a reason for the difference?" Another correspondent answers that "Magna Charta, upon which our laws are founded, is a reason," and tells a story: "The American case reminds me of the reply made some fifty years ago by an old Roman Catholic priest to a neighboring English clergyman who showed him his church, remarking, 'You see we have all matters very plain and simple.' The priest replied, 'Ah! true; but you are very young housekeepers.'"

All this indicates curiously and clearly how differently the ministry is regarded here and in England. In that country it has come to be looked upon (we refer to the laws, not to the hard-working English clergy) as a means of livelihood. It is a profession. It enables the holder of Holy Orders to occupy a parish, which is even commonly called a "living." This living, or rather his right to enjoy it, has become his personal property. Deposition from the ministry would of course involve dislodgement from this living, and thus take from him a certain personal property. But, as one of the *Times* correspondents hints, Magna Charta guarantees the possession of any personal property. Therefore the deposition of a clergyman has been hedged in, as the centuries have gone by, with intricate legal requirements, until now the deposition of a bishop is next to an impossibility, and the deposition of a clergyman actually costs thousands of pounds.

In America the case is very different. The word "living" has not taken the place of "parish" or "curacy." The Church nowhere recognizes that men enter the ministry, or exercise it, for the purpose of gaining a living. Perhaps something like an opposite error prevails among Churchmen, namely, that the clergy are to exercise their ministry without a living; but that is not the theory of the Church herself. She teaches that the

workman is worthy of his hire. But she holds, also, that the honest and true workman worketh not for his hire, but for his master. Her theory is that men enter the sacred ministry in order to serve Christ in carrying on her work—work that is hers because Christ has intrusted it to her to be done for Him. No man has a right to enter the ministry, but she has the right to select suitable persons from among the faithful, and call upon them to enter her ministry. No man has a right to be advanced to a higher order in the ministry, and this the Church has often asserted of late; but she has a right to summon any one whom she may choose, to receive the honorable burden of a higher office. A man is ordained not for his personal advantage, but for the advantage of the Church for Christ. A clergyman is the Church's servant—her minister, not her master. He cannot compel her to retain him for his own advantage. That man is not a faithful steward who tills his Lord's land for his own emolument rather than for his Lord's gain. If a steward were to do so, that alone would be a sufficient reason for his displacement.

## ST. LUKE THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

Modern science is so contemptuous of the past that it probably does not give full credit to the real attainments of bygone times. But the truth is that medical success is not a matter of mere remedies, but is largely made up of that personal judgment which is greater than all methods, and belongs to no time. And this true medical skill takes account of the moral element, and sees that, other things being equal, the best physician of two is he who best understands the moral and spiritual nature of his patients, and does not treat them wholly as masses of material organization. It is not necessary that a physician should be a theologian, or that he go aside from his special duties in a sick room to add those of the clergyman. We do not think that things are often best done by those who combine the greatest number of avocations. While medical knowledge may be of service to a clergyman, we certainly should not advise such a one to attempt to combine medical practice with spiritual instruction. But we do hold that every true medical man who understands his work will recognize the power of spiritual aid in a sick room as a real aid. When a physician wishes to exclude the clergyman, it is pretty certain either that the clergyman is under a mistake as to his duty, or the doctor is ignorant of his art. There are special cases, of course, in the crisis of a disease, when all agitation is to be avoided,



and in these every true pastor would defer to the medical adviser.

We believe that in the case of the clergy of the Church, and the ministrations it appoints for the sick room, the medical body is not inclined to oppose, and in most instances would favor, religious services. It is because these are framed on the theory that a sick room or a death-bed is not the first occasion in which true religion has come to the person visited, but that these services are merely one link in a great chain of spiritual cares extending from the font to the grave-yard. Therefore they are intended to soothe and sustain rather than to alarm. They are for Christian men and women, not for heathen suddenly overtaken in a career of guilt. They recognize, indeed, the fact that sinfulness remains even in the most faithful natures until wholly purged by death, and they do not address the sick in language only appropriate to the glorified saints in Paradise.

The clergy are called to other death-beds than those of acknowledged Christians, and they must here, according to their best judgment, exercise a different treatment. But the belief of the Church nowhere requires the extorting from dying lips a triumphant confession of supposed acceptance. It asks penitence, for all have sinned. It asks faith, because faith is the root of righteousness. But it asks for no secret which it has no right to pry into, and it so truly trusts the Saviour that it does not ask for a sign from heaven, nor feel itself called upon to torture dying hours in the hope of procuring what may pass as its equivalent. Therefore, we believe, most physicians who understand their calling are glad to see clergy of our Church in the sick rooms of their patients. They know that a large part of the healing of disease may be referred to moral and mental as well as physical causes.

We do not here speak of St. Luke as the "patron saint" of the medical profession, because that term is not in accordance with Church doctrine, but as the example to all medical men, that they should be "evangelists" in such ways as are open to them. St. Luke is to be regarded with affection and interest. Medical men who are devout as well as skilful can do very much toward elucidating Scripture truth. Especially in discovering the traces of St. Luke's medical knowledge in the two books of the New Testament written by him may this be done.

Perhaps more turns on this fact in the way of evidence than is at first supposed. We desire the aid of believing physicians to the support of true religion. We wish their willing testimony, but we cannot help reminding the whole profession that their involuntary testimony is already given to the worth of Church ministrations, and at the same time we take occasion to re-

mind all others that "the times and the seasons" are best left to the judgment of those whose professional honor and duty binds them to care supremely for their patients. There is rarely collision between the physician and the pastor, but the physician has for the time being the superior right. The pastor's work is not to be deferred till the hour of wasting sickness, nor are conversions wrung out by the fear of death very sure or lasting ones.

### MOSAICS FROM THE EUCHARISTIC SCRIPTURES OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.\*

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

We are brought, at once, in the language of the collect and the Scriptures of this day, and in the subject with which they deal, to hear very familiar words, and to stand on very familiar ground; for the collect brings before us the baptismal formulary, so far as the second of our promises is concerned, in its statement of the three enemies whom we are sworn to resist—"the world, the flesh, and the devil." Nor does it fail to refer us to that grace in which alone we undertook to withstand them, given in baptism when the promise was made, and renewed, when the promise was renewed, in confirmation. In the gospel the familiar formulary occurs, borrowed perhaps, as were the petitions in the Lord's Prayer, but deepened and enriched as they were by the borrowing from the religious proverbs of the Jews. It is the "summary of the Law," which our Liturgy uses, at discretion, as Christ's seal set to the Ten Commandments; and which with greater fullness, and perhaps in better form, the Scotch Book uses, in place of "rehearsing the Ten Commandments," followed by the suffrage which is ordered after the tenth commandment. The epistle contains an expression, almost as familiar to the early Church as this, and thoroughly descriptive of its attitude of expectation—"waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And, in the midst of all this teaching, the asking for and the assurance of the "grace of God" stand prominently forth, as the only strength by which sin can be avoided or duty done. It will be seen, then, that the teachings of to-day contain, with unusual completeness, the story of the Christian life, "begun, continued, and ended in" God. Some added light, perhaps, is thrown from the Latin original of the collect, in which these temptations which we are to withstand are at once described as and condensed into "diabolica contagia," and in which the word which we translate "follow" is the frequentative "secari," which has in it the force not only of habitual action, but of waiting upon and striving after, as servants who seek to imitate the likeness of the Lord they serve.

When the Church puts, beside a prayer for constant grace, and for grace to be used against common sins and for common duties, such a passage as this opening extract from the Epistle to the Corinthians, she interprets that passage into an application larger and more liberal than it ordinarily receives. She does away with that technical distinction which restricts *χαρίσματα*, gifts, to those miraculous manifestations with which the Corinthian Church was signally blessed. And in so

doing she follows the spirit of the New Testament Greek, in which this good word, *χαρίσμα*, is used to describe "the free gift . . . unto justification," the "gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ," and the catalogue of gifts, including faith (I. Corinthians xii. 4, 9). Without this interpretation the epistle for this Sunday has little reference to us. They were "enriched in all utterance, and in all knowledge"; that is, in gifts of prophecy and tongues; and so they "came behind in no gift." We are enriched, also, *ἐν παντὶ λόγῳ καὶ πάσῃ γνώσει*; for to know Christ and to confess Christ, this knowledge and this utterance, is our spiritual gift. In this, as in everything, we are enriched by Him, so that we, too, "come behind in no good gift." "The testimony of Christ," that is, the witness of the preached Gospel, "is confirmed in us" and among us, as among the Corinthians, by spiritual gifts. And through our long days of waiting for the second advent we are confirmed (the Church has learned from passages like this her modern name for the primitive rite of laying on of hands), as they were, by our Lord Jesus Christ. For, withstanding temptation through the grace of God, which is given us by Jesus Christ, and, by that same grace, serving God with pure hearts and minds, we, too, may be "blameless," not faultless, but forgiven and accepted, "in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is difficult to leave the rich passage of Scripture which forms to-day's epistle, without calling attention, at least, to that which often happens—the light of almost a new meaning which the original and the translation shed upon each other. The rendering of *λόγος* by utterance here, not only contains the radical truth that Christ, the *Λόγος*, is the utterance, the expression, the revelation of God, so that but "by Him" "no man knoweth the Father." Besides this, it conveys to us the warning, whose forgetting brought on the Corinthian Church severe rebukes from the apostle, that the gifts wherewith we are enriched are to be uttered, given out, used in every way, for others than ourselves; lest they become ministers to the Corinthian sin of spiritual pride. The closeness of connection between St. Paul's teaching and the collect which precedes it needs only one more underlining to make it complete. What we need, and what we ask for, is grace, given not once, but often; grace to withstand, and grace to serve; grace to keep all baptismal vows, that we may secure the baptismal promise. In other words, in all our thanksgiving for grace given, we pray for grace to confirm us unto the end.

The appointed gospel for this day is simply the exposition, in detail, of the collect's thought of "following God with pure hearts and minds." For, in the first place, "to love God with all our heart and soul and mind, and to love our neighbor as ourself," is to follow God in the sense of imitating our Divine Master. And in the next place it is to serve God, because it is to keep the commandments on which "hang all the Law and the prophets," that is, to fulfil the Law.

Looked at independently, this chapter of Holy Scripture presents us with two important teachings. The attitude of the successive questioners is precisely that of critical and sceptical people in our day. Herodians, Sadducees, Pharisees, or their representatives, now, legalists, materialists, mere moralists, dashed up against the Master; as waves roll

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up their threatening crests only to be beaten back in foam, so they dashed their dishonest questionings (dishonest because unreal) against Him who stood there like a rock. His dealing with each one of these cases is somewhat various. But a common principle runs through them all; that of offsetting one difficulty, which the unbeliever raises, with some other difficulty, which he has accepted without making any effort or having any anxiety to explain it. In the instance which the gospel contains, our Lord, compelling the Pharisees first to acknowledge that Christ was the son of David, turns upon them their own accepted Scripture, whose abstract difficulty had not disturbed them at all. A wonderful Scripture it is whose literal rendering is "Jehovah said to Adonai," plainly revealing the two Persons of the Trinity. Out of it the Master teaches His questioners that David called Christ, Lord; acknowledged, that is to say, his son after the flesh to be His Lord, and therefore God. They could not deny this, for, with all its unintelligibility, it was part of the Scripture which they accepted and believed. And though it did not satisfy, it set at rest their questionings. It was the same kind of argument which our Lord used with Nicodemus, in the comparison between the *mind* and *spirit*. And it is an argument whose application to honest minds ought to be effective and final. Christ never answered directly the questions "How?" and "Why?" Not that He could not answer, but that we could not understand. The demand for an explanation of the spiritual *modus operandi* is as foolish as the attempt to explain it. To the man who asks "how," about some heavenly mystery, the true answer is "how," about some mystery of earth. And since all men, believing or unbelieving, accept, acknowledge, act upon things which they do not understand, daily and hourly in common life, the rejection of the Scriptures, the sacraments, the doctrines of Christianity, because there are difficulties about them, hard sayings, things that cannot be explained, is, by men's own showing, inconsistent, unreasonable, inexcusable. This is the general teaching of the gospel for this Sunday.

Our Lord's particular teaching to this particular lawyer has an application as universal and as valuable. He asked, "What is the great commandment in the Law?" And our Lord replied, really, without answering him. For, though He seemed to set forth two commandments, one great and first, and a "second like unto it"; yet, in point of fact, He gave him the summary and substance of the Law. And so, what He said to him was, "The whole Law is one and is great, because it is the expression of the will of God." Duty to God and duty to man, and the whole of the duty that is owed to each, this is the will, the law, the great commandment of God.

We have no particular need to go back to the days of the Jewish doctors, with their "one great precept," which if a man kept he might disregard the rest of the Law; nor to build up the favorite scarecrow of that far-away Pharisee, who, in his very boasting that he kept the Law, violated that love which "is the fulfilling of the Law." There are two prominent reproductions of this same spirit in our own day, which we shall study with more personal and practical profit. The tendency to contrast and oppose religious and moral duties is the first instance of our danger. The divorce between these two things

is impossible. Immoral religion is no whit worse, really, than irreligious morality; because either one is an attempt to make the distinction of "great" and "small" among the commandments, which, all and equally, are part of God's one Law. There never was such a thing known upon the earth since Adam fell, among Jew, Pagan or Christian, as a moral law independent of and separated from some religious law. And the man, today, indifferent to holiness of life, yet careful of the practices of religion; or, *and equally*, the man neglecting religious duty, while living a moral life, attempts to make a "great commandment" in the Law, and to excuse a set of disobediences by some selected obedience. An instance, similar in effect though different in kind, is furnished in great political or moral movements. Large sections of this country, not very long ago, acting out their theory that slave-holding was the synonyme and concentration of sin, came to the conclusion that all political virtue, if not all social purity, consisted in the accidental and geographical employment of free labor. And it is one of many dangers of the total-abstinence movement of our time, that dealing with the hideous sin of drunkenness as if it were the *only* sin, it not only belittles religion, but it overlooks many crimes, and is indifferent about the practice of positive virtues. These are but illustrations.

Coming nearer home: most men have in reality, though they may not avow it, a "great commandment of the law." Laws, which it is easy for us to obey, virtues which we are inclined to practise, obedience which comes to us by temperament or constitution: these are our great commandments. What we do not like to do is little and unimportant. So with our vices. Sins to which we are not tempted are great sins; but those which "easily beset us" are venal and of slight account. There lies danger to each of us in this universal tendency of man. The only defence against it is to realize that God's law is a complete whole—a circle, which is spoiled by the breaking of any least portion of it. And realizing this, interpreting our prayer by the Master's precept, we shall ask God for grace to follow Him, in the pathway of complete obedience, with "pure hearts and minds."

WM. CROSWELL DOANE.

### NESTORIANS AND ARMENIANS.

Modern Nestorians and Armenians put in a claim for at least comparative orthodoxy; and if it is possible to allow their claim, the Church Catholic should not treat them fastidiously, and, least of all, with high disdain. When Mar Yohanan, a Syrian bishop, visited this country, some forty years ago, he said that his fellow-religionists did not accept the doctrine condemned by the Council of Ephesus, in A. D. 431; and he was in consequence received at the altars of our Church. His position was, that a proper explanation of the words "substance" and "person" (making due allowance for differences of language and changes in the use of words through the lapse of time) would remove all essential difficulty.

And very much the same is the claim of modern Armenians, in relation to the Council of Chalcedon, which condemned Eutychianism in A. D. 451. They assume that the doctrine which the Council of Chalcedon condemned is not theirs, and that the allowance of such a claim as is asked for by the Nestorians would show they are not tainted with the

gross heresy with which they have been charged. "They allege that they were misled by false reports when they annulled the fourth council; that it was reported to them that the council had decided in favor of the Nestorian heresy, and that this mistake was confirmed by a letter to the patriarch upon the subject from the Bishop of Rome, in which certain words were used which might easily be interpreted in the Nestorian sense." (Enc. Brit., I., p. 548, ed. 9th.)

Surely such claims were neither impertinent or unreasonable. History tells us that the Patriarch of Syria at first disallowed the definitions and decisions of the Council of Ephesus, but that mutual explanations enabled him to come into accordance with the Patriarch of Alexandria. By this pacific process ecclesiastical harmony was reestablished, and the Council of Ephesus accepted as the *third* council oecumenical, a character which it still sustains. Since it is the consent of the Church Catholic, rather than the enactments of a council, which gives councils their full and ultimate authority, disagreements about the Council of Ephesus, which at first were serious, are now regarded as of little consequence—of as little consequence, in fact as the slurs of Gibbon, who bestows upon the Council of Ephesus some of his heartiest sneers.

Now it may be a curious, but it is an incontestable fact, that the Greek words for "substance" and "person" have undergone changes, at least changes of application. The word *homoousion* itself, which was made a test-word by the Council of Nice in 325, was declined (not rejected, as some would fain imagine) by the councils of Antioch (265, 269) which tried, and finally sentenced to deposition, the arch-heretic Paul of Samosata. Paul was so darkly subtle, threw such clouds of doubt around the word by his rhetoric and sophistry, that the councils had not the courage to adopt it. Conciliar expositions were a novelty, and they were timid. Its propriety and force were better understood in 325; the State no longer frowned or persecuted; the fathers of Nice felt freer and stronger; and they used it without hesitation, and with a fortitude which has given it a temporal immortality. It is as potential now as it was 1,500 years ago.

Somewhat of this fortune has attended the words employed for "substance" and "person," namely, *hypostasis* and *persona*. *Hypostasis* is used five times in the Christian Scriptures: twice in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and three times in the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, ix. 4, it is applied to a mental state, confidence—confidence in boasting. For if the critics cut out boasting in ch. ix. 14, it comes out plainly enough in ch. xi. 17; and the rule of hermeneutics is that fuller forms should be taken in preference to abbreviated ones in reference to matters which are disputed. Thus, "Baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus," must give way to the fuller form in Matt. xxviii. 19.

In Hebrews i. 3, *hypostasis* is applied to a person; in Heb. iii. 14, to the beginnings of faith; and in Heb. xi. 1, to its substantiality. All which goes to show that *hypostasis* was often used in any way but a logical and a dogmatic one.

As to *persona*, it is used in the Christian Scriptures seventy-two times, if we have counted correctly. It is, in Greek, a neuter noun, which seems singular to English habits;



and can of course be applied to things as well as to individuals, and to the outsides or representations of things as well as to their corporate or internal character. This makes it a word of broad comprehension.

Moreover, the word *hypostasis* seems at last, in our modern and very changeable times, to have been relinquished and supplanted by the word *persona*, in an expression of the great doctrine of the Trinity. Thus, in old Greek, we have for the fourth suffrage of the Litany, *τρεις ὑποστάσεις καὶ εἰς Θεός*; while, in the same suffrage, we have in modern Greek, *τρία πρόσωπα καὶ ἕνας Θεός*. This to our theological perceptions, guided by ancient precedents, seems anything but an improvement; since *πρόσωπα*, being a neuter noun, might easily be subsidized by a Sabellian to justify his degradation of the Trinity to a mere change of names, corresponding to a change of circumstances or a new line of action. We must say that, to our antiquated tastes, the old Greek looks more orthodox, and appears better girded, than the new.

Such a sketch of the history of the words *hypostasis* and *persona* ought by no means to surprise one who will read and con over the seventh chapter of the Third Book of Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian. Socrates is said to have been a layman and a lawyer; and therefore, as a sort of outside observer, and one accustomed by his profession to note words and phrases, was peculiarly qualified to write such a chapter as the one referred to. He there shows that difficulties about Greek words, previously employed for popular or philosophical purposes, caused no little trouble when resorted to for the demands of dogmatic theology. He shows also that a consciousness of such trouble exercised the mind of Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, so famous in the history of the Nicene Council; and that he labored not a little to render theological terminology definite and intelligible. To such labor, no doubt, we are indebted for the revival and settlement of the term *homoousion*.

And now, perhaps, we are prepared to refer to the latest accounts respecting the Nestorians, and to say that the above statements help to confirm such testimony as Dr. Badger has given us in his two valuable and most instructive volumes concerning the Nestorians and their rituals. Dr. Badger was deputed by Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield to travel among the Nestorians in 1842. So rich and so momentous were the researches which he spread before English Christendom, that it was thought best, after a while, to follow out his leadings; especially as ecclesiastical intercourse between the English Church and the East was becoming more and more intimate. Accordingly, the mission of Dr. Badger was followed up in 1876. The Rev. Edward L. Cutts, vicar of Holy Trinity, Haverstock Hill, London, was commissioned by their graces the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to visit the Christians in Koordistan and Oroomiah. His report made its appearance in 1877, and abounds with statistical and historical information of the highest ecclesiastical value. It would be an inestimable guide-book for missionary efforts, and all acts of intercommunion, sympathy, and friendship. At present we are concerned mainly with matters of doctrine; and, fortunately, Mr. Cutts enables us to quote both Dr. Badger and himself sufficiently for our purpose.

"We should bear in mind," says Dr.

Badger, "when approaching the subject of Nestorianism, that the great opponent of Nestorius, Cyril, had, as Hooker says, 'avouched' in his writings against the Arians, that 'the Word or Wisdom of God had but one nature, which is eternal, and whereunto He assumed flesh.' Which declaration, although not so meant, was 'in process of time so taken, as though it had been his drift to teach, that even as in the body and soul, so in Christ, God and man made but *one nature*,' an error which was subsequently condemned by the Council of Chalcedon. Bearing these things in mind, and also the different uses which conflicting theologians had made of the almost cognate terms, *ousia* and *hypostasis*, there is *a priori* ground for believing that Nestorius's formula, of two natures and two persons in Christ, was designed to combat the fearful error, which obtained so extensively afterwards, of the confusion of the Divine and human natures in our Blessed Lord. Nestorius denied to the last that he held two distinct persons in Christ; and Basnage, La Croze, Thomas à Jesu, and Mosheim have defended him against the charge of heresy." Leaving Nestorius himself as a subject of further investigation for Church historians, we come to Dr. Badger's solemn declaration respecting the orthodoxy of those who at present bear his name. His conviction he formally declares to be, that after a careful study of their theology, *in its present state*, he cannot arraign them as holding the sentiments condemned by the Council of Ephesus. The difficulty with them is one of terminology, and not of metaphysics; and his charitable but thoroughly conscientious verdict is in their favor.

And now for the testimony of Mr. Cutts, which will be more satisfactory to many, because he gives the terminology which Dr. Badger has omitted. He says: "I conversed frequently with several of their most learned people on the question on which Nestorius was condemned by the Council of Ephesus. They define that they hold in the unity of Christ two natures, or two *knuma*, in one *parsopa*. They explain that *knuma* has not the same meaning as our word 'person,' but means rather 'essence'; while they say that the word 'parsopa' does express, nearly, what we mean by 'person.' (It is easy for the scholarly reader to see that *knuma* and *parsopa* are parallels to the Greek words *πνεῦμα* and *πρόσωπον*.) These statements left on my mind a strong persuasion that their theologians maintained the assertion of two *knuma* as necessary to guard the whole and perfect humanity of Christ. The modern Nestorians, at all events, believe that there are two whole and perfect natures, the Divine and human natures, united not by confusion of substance, but by unity of *parsopa* in one Christ. One of their service books has the two phrases, 'The Divine nature clothed itself with the human nature.' There is one Son only; not a Divine Son, and a Human Son, making two."

Here then is testimony obtained by and published under the cognizance of two archbishops of Canterbury, an archbishop of York, and a bishop of London. We believe these high dignitaries accepted, and never contravened or disavowed it. And in view of such testimony we modestly but seriously maintain that modern Nestorians, and modern Armenians also, ought not to be summarily condemned as absolute heretics, but should be listened to with respectful, anxious and most charitable attention. T. W. CORR.

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1878.

Perhaps there is no feature in the general prospect of European affairs which affords more anxiety to all thoughtful people than the rapid and portentous growth of open infidelity, with its unflinching accompaniment of Socialist or Communist opinions. Every country is exhibiting unmistakable signs of the disease, or rather of a fresh outburst of the disease. Like some epidemics, it is propagated by both infection and contagion. Politics assume their prevailing hue in different countries according as the symptoms appear more or less urgent, and religious principles in a nation are judged by lookers on very much by their success or failure in applying remedies or palliatives. It is now pretty well understood that this tremendous consideration had a great deal more to do with the Treaty of Berlin than was supposed at the time; and for this we may be thankful. The revelation of the seething caldron of Nihilism and Communism below the surface of society in Russia and Germany, making itself felt by assassination and conspiracy, weighed more with Bismarck and Gortschakoff and their respective masters than the dreams of aggressive ambition in which both governments had indulged, and convinced them, and especially Bismarck, that this was no time for a general struggle of the nations, in which not only national gains and losses would occur, but thrones get levelled with the dust, and the whole fabric of society be shaken to its foundation. It seems now plain enough that but for this Germany would have continued to play into the hands of Russia, as she began to do at first; each country making its own gains—Germany in the north-west of Europe, Russia in the south-east. France has now broken out afresh, and, in a different way, is exhibiting much the same symptoms. Each of the three countries is going its own way to work to deal with the phenomenon, and each in accordance with the degree of freedom and civilization it has attained. Russia of course, being simply a despotic government, can use very few weapons besides absolute repression—more police, more Siberia. The immense expenses incurred in her late war are making themselves felt, and fresh ebullitions of discontent may be looked for. The masses in the great towns escape from the influences of the Church, as they do elsewhere, and very little effort seems to be making to reform the monstrous abuses which cause it, and especially the monastic portion of it, to be despised and hated by the classes which obtain their education and political ideas through German, French, or Austrian channels. Germany is in the throes of a political crisis caused by the dissolution of the late Reichstag and the curious balance of parties in the new one. This dissolution was the answer of Bismarck to the challenge of the Socialists. He hoped to find the horror evinced at the two attempts to assassinate the emperor sufficiently strong to give him a majority which would enable him to use such constitutional power as Germany possesses for the repression of the monster. But his own party, the Conservatives, turn out to be too weak to help him much; and he has to make his choice between an alliance with the Ultramontanes or the Liberals. In the first case he will have to alter the Falk laws, and open fresh relations with Rome, as the price of the alliance, thus undoing all he has been so long laboring to attain; in the second, he will find himself very feebly supported. The Protestant Churches of Germany seem to be showing their inherent weakness in dealing with the new ideas of the age, and the prospect is anything but encouraging. France, which has by the discipline of adversity, made such huge strides of late towards a constitutional system, is rather suddenly waking up to the conviction that this system is about to be strained to the uttermost; and here again it is the defect of their Church which makes the chief difficulty. The old moderate Gallicanism of France having been replaced by Ultramontanism, nearly every man of education is enrolled against it; and they have found a most powerful exponent in Gambetta, who is throwing off the mask and making consummately able speeches against the clergy. The vast number of Communists in the towns of France rally under this flag, and parties are



becoming marshalled under the watchwords of Secularism and Ultramontaniam. It is easy to see that the latter must go to the wall; and unless the middle classes find a leader who can strike out a middle path, and rally the friends of order around his standard, the outlook is not very comfortable.

The friends of the Anglo-Continental Society have been engaged for years in trying to open the eyes of religious and able men on the continent to the need of reforming their Churches on the Anglican model in order to meet these difficulties, and, as your readers know, with some success; for the movement of the Old Catholics may be largely traced to their efforts; but the schism which has just taken place in this small and tenderly-constituted body has been a sad blow. The question of clerical celibacy has only been carried in the affirmative by a cruel secession of some of the best members of the Old Catholic communion; and it is not easy to see how the breach is to be healed. In Belgium also the superiority of the clerical party, which has held its own for years, has lately been reversed; there also extremes confront one another, wherever we look we see the same thing. All this makes one the more sorry that what little good might have been directly done by the Lambeth Conference in reference to modern infidelity has been lost to the world. The Archbishop of Canterbury expressed this regret with much force at his diocesan conference, which concluded a useful session yesterday. All this makes us also more and more cling to the moderate and Scriptural platform exhibited by the Anglo-American communion, and long not only for unity amongst ourselves, in order that we may exhibit "a light set upon a hill" in the midst of the storms raging throughout the world, but also a much more active development of our agencies for spreading a knowledge of our position. A fainting world, sick with the disorders of centuries, requires once more the uplifting of the cross, and the contact with apostolical institutions freed from mediaeval corruptions.

Our own Church is making rapid progress in the north of England. Barrow-in-Furness, a mushroom city, like some of yours, has just had four new churches simultaneously opened by as many bishops, and a grand entertainment on the occasion, presided over by the Duke of Devonshire and the Archbishop of York. The latter mentioned that Middlesborough, which is a similar novel creation in his own archdiocese, has been met by the Church in an even more prompt manner; and so it is everywhere with us, thank God, in spite of our divisions. Let us hope and pray that this grand activity of the Church of England may be yet in time to stave off the danger which is so fiercely pressing on the continent.

#### THE ENGLISH CHURCH CONGRESS AT SHEFFIELD.

SHEFFIELD, October 1st.

I was surprised to find that the services formally appointed for the opening of the meetings of the English Church Congress to-day did not include the celebration of the Holy Communion. There was, however, an early Communion at several of the churches in the city, the Archbishop of York officiating in the parish church, where there were only about twenty communicants. The service at 11 o'clock, in the same church, was attended by a large congregation, and, though it consisted of only Morning Prayer and the Ante-communion, with a sermon, was two hours and a half long. The *Venite* and the proper psalms, pointed as they were to be sung, and with the notes of the chants, were printed in the form of service which was distributed among the congregation; but the chants were unfamiliar and difficult (the first having one note on F sharp), and neither in these, nor in the somewhat elaborate arrangement of the other canticles, was the music good. The anthem after the third collect was the whole of the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and seemed to me, in the rear of the church, only tedious. The sermon, by the Bishop of Ripon, from St. John xvi. 12, 13, was thoughtful and eloquent. The preacher dwelt on the office of the Holy Ghost as the Spirit of Truth who combats all the error of falsehood which has deceived and still deceives the world, and laid special stress on the effect which His revelation of "things to come" had

upon the minds of the apostles, and has had upon the mind and the life of the Church to this time.

The afternoon session was held in the large Albert Hall, which was well filled. Among the dignitaries on the platform during the day were the Bishops of Delaware, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa, and the Assistant Bishop of North Carolina, some of whom had also been present at the service in the morning. The Archbishop of York took the chair and delivered the opening address. He spoke with much freedom and manliness of utterance, and with a good nature which showed a vein of humorous thought. At the opening he replied to those of the evangelical school (calling it by this name) who had endeavored to persuade all who sympathized with them to withhold their presence and their influence from the meeting; then, having referred at some length to the late Lambeth Conference, he condemned very strongly the moral practices of men of the ritualistic party. His grace was frequently interrupted by applause; but it was loudest and most prolonged when he spoke of the pleasure which he had in welcoming the bishops of the American Church, and when he said that it was time for those who had formed the idea of bringing the Church of England much nearer to the Church of Rome to decide that it could not be done, and that the effort was labor lost, adding, with much emphasis, "Romish, or like Romish, the Church of England will not be."

After the opening address came the discussion of the assigned subject: "Foreign and Colonial Missions—their Condition, Organization, and Prospects." The Bishop of Pennsylvania opened the subject with a thoughtful and able paper, in which he showed how great preparations were making in our day for the spread of Christianity, and dwelt on the needs of the missionary work of the Church. The Rev. Dr. Maclear, well known for his writings on missions, called attention, as he has done before, to the gradual Christianization of Europe, and to the unreasonableness of expecting that a life-work can be done suddenly elsewhere. The Rev. Dr. Bailey, so long warden of St. Augustine's College, also spoke. Among the voluntary speakers was the youthful and wiry-looking Bishop of Capetown, who made a plea for his own diocese.

This evening, in the same hall, there was an able discussion on "Modern Doubts and Difficulties in Relation to Revealed Religion." The Rev. Prof. Watkins, of Liverpool, opened with a paper in which he described the sceptical tendencies of our day as being first in the direction of a denial of the possibility of knowing God, and secondly in the direction of an assumption that Christianity is only one of several religions all having elements of truth and all possessed of some value; but he did not really show how these errors were to be met. The Rev. Prof. Stanley Leathes and the Rev. Dr. Thornton followed, the latter discussing, and suggesting answers to the objections which came from the existence of evil, both moral and physical. The Rev. Brownlow Maitland, whose little book on evidence has recently brought him rather prominently before the public, spoke very forcibly on the error of using unsatisfactory and insufficient arguments in defence of the truth. He insisted that revelation implies a God who cares for man, a fatherly God; and that neither metaphysical nor cosmical theism—neither arguments from the necessities of the case nor those from the evidences of design in nature—can lead to the God of revelation, but that there is need of a spiritual theism to show that there is a God who can be expected to reveal Himself to men. He also insisted, following the line of Dr. Mozley's latest books, that we must not point the sceptic to the imperfect revelation of the early ages as if it were perfect, but must show him how the truth has worked as leaven in influencing mankind, and must direct him to the teaching of the New Testament. Among the other speakers, the Dean of Manchester addressed himself in a practical way chiefly to the young. There was a discussion this evening in the Cutlers' Hall on "Free and Open Churches," which I did not hear.

October 2d.

The larger section of the congress discussed this morning "The Just Limits of Comprehensiveness in the National Church," the three readers having evidently been chosen as representatives of three schools of Church opinion. The

Hon. C. L. Wood, president of the English Church Union, urged that the "Catholic" party was the representative of the historic national Church, saying that he entirely declined to discuss the just limits of comprehension as if there was any need for asking for toleration for that party. He said that at the time of the Reformation the English service was made to differ only in form from the Latin service—a statement true enough in one sense, but most misleading; for the rubrics, in which the Roman Church had expressed the false doctrine which had arisen after the form of her liturgy had been fixed, were materially and designedly changed so that the service was practically very different. As to ritual, Mr. Wood maintained that the old ritual, "limited only by what was forbidden in the second year of Edward VI., was still their rightful possession." The Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies followed in a quieter strain, arguing that the freedom of parties could take care of itself, and that this is a time of great indulgence. And Canon Ryle, while making it quite clear what his own views and opinions were, held that all Churchmen agreed in their love of the Church, and that its necessary limits were as broad as the creeds and the articles. But the best speech which I heard this morning was that of the Rev. Dr. Hessey, the newly-appointed Archdeacon of Middlesex, who pointed out that the Church must not exclude any layman who assents to her creeds and is willing to accept her ministrations, while her clergy are of necessity bound by a stricter rule. In closing the morning's session the archbishop said a few words "in behalf of a despised section of the flock of Christ—the bishops."

The afternoon discussion was on Church work in sparsely settled parts of the country, and among "navvies" and similar classes of people. It was opened by the Bishop of St. David's in a practical, business-like address, and among the following speakers were the Bishop of Carlisle and the Bishop of Sodor and Man. The doctrine of the relativity of things comes to my mind as I think how strange it would seem at home to call a clergyman isolated who was six miles from a clerical neighbor, or to think that parishioners who lived two miles from the church had to make a long journey to get to the services.

In the evening's discussion of "The Duty of the Church in Relation to Intemperance," the principal paper was read by Canon Basil Wilberforce, a son of the late Bishop of Winchester. With much earnestness and real eloquence he painted the evils of this vice, urged upon the clergy that it was especially their duty to oppose it, and indicated to some extent how they could do this. Several volunteers also spoke strongly. The whole tenor of the discussions was interesting and instructive to a stranger, as showing some extent the habits of society, and the nature of the work which the clergy have to do in England.

The other, and, I think, far smaller section of the congress, has devoted the day to discussions bearing on disestablishment, ecclesiastical patronage, and the marriage law. P1.

#### ENGLAND.

MONUMENT TO LORD LYTTLETON.—An interesting ceremony was performed in Worcester Cathedral on Saturday, September 24th, in the transfer to the dean and chapter, as custodians of the cathedral, of the monument just erected to the memory of the late Lord Lyttelton. At the close of the afternoon service the Bishop of Worcester, the Dean, Canons Barry and Wood, and the minor canons, assembled in the north transept of the cathedral, where they were met by Lord Lyttelton (son of the late peer), Lord Hampton, members of the memorial committee, and others, and the monument, which is placed in the centre of the transept, just beneath the celebrated mural monument to Bishop Hough, by Roubiliac, was uncovered. Lord Hampton then, as chairman of the Lyttelton Memorial Committee, made the formal presentation of the monument.

ANTI-RUSSIAN FEELING.—The facts brought to light with regard to the outrages committed by Turks upon the Christians having been clearly established, an effort was made to produce evidence of the equally inhuman conduct of the Russians towards the Mussulman population



since the conclusion of the treaty of peace. General Todleben's telegram to the Emperor of Russia, dated San Stefano, September 20th, tells its own story:

"I have the honor to inform your majesty that I arrived at Adrianople on the evening of Wednesday, the 18th inst., and was received by the Mussulman, Greek, Bulgarian, Armenian, and Jewish clergy, who all requested me to express so your majesty their unbounded gratitude for the protection afforded to them by the Russian authorities. They also stated the opinion of the inhabitants that such order and justice had never prevailed in the city as during the occupation of the place by the Russian troops, whose behavior had always been most exemplary. I found the town illuminated on my arrival, and noticed that the gates of the mosques were ornamented with devices displaying your majesty's initials. On Thursday the town was decorated with flags, and at intervals along the streets were portraits of your majesty, festooned with garlands. When I left Adrianople, on the evening of that day, the town and the mosques were again illuminated, and the whole population were present at the railway station to witness my departure."

**THE EVANGELICALS AND CHURCH CONGRESS.**—The *English Churchman*, in a very sensible editorial, reads the following lesson to those Low Churchmen who have distrusted Church congresses: "The evangelicals have evidently felt the force, the thoroughly practical force, of Canon Ryle's pleading, that for them to keep aloof from the congresses of the Church was ruinous to them as a party, as it was tantamount to a public confession that they were either ashamed openly to defend their cause or were afraid to defend it in the presence of rival parties; while, by such abstention from the benefit of that coöperation amongst Churchmen, without which those common problems affecting all parties in the Church can in no case even be discussed with the slightest chance of success, they were inflicting a vast injury on the Church at large. After such a triumphant appeal to his own party's good sense, by Canon Ryle, it is useless for the most extreme organ of the most extreme section of the evangelicals, in the interest of 'Bible truth,' to denounce congresses as 'gigantic shams,' and 'hollow schools of dissimulation and dishonesty,' forgetful of the good advice of the translators of the Bible, who maintain that 'a man would think civility, wholesome laws, learning, eloquence, synods, and Church maintenance, should be as safe as a sanctuary, that no man should lift up his heel, nor dog move his tongue against the motioners of them, for by synods being brought together to a parley face to face, we sooner compose our differences than by writings, which are endless.'"

**ST. JAMES'S, HATCHAM.**—A writer in the *John Bull*, who gives his name to the editor, but withholds it from the public, makes grave charges against the Rev. Arthur Tooth, which that gentleman will hardly permit to pass without notice.

The same paper also states that it appears to be no secret amongst members of the congregation of St. Alban's, Holborn, that the living of St. James's, Hatcham, has been offered by Mr. Robert Tooth, the patron, at the desire of the Rev. Arthur Tooth, to the Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, and that he has accepted the vicarship. It is stated that Mr. Stanton will adopt the full ritual which was in use when Mr. Tooth was vicar. There appears to be some doubt as to the Bishop of Rochester's consenting to institute the new vicar-elect, and it is reported that a legal action will probably be the result of the nomination.

#### FRANCE.

**DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS.**—F. A. P. Dupanloup, the renowned Bishop of Orleans, died at Paris on Friday, October 11th. He was born in 1802, ordained priest in 1825, made Vicar-General of Paris in 1837, and Bishop of Orleans in 1849. He was one of those who, in the Vatican Council, opposed the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, though he afterward accepted the dogma. Elected to the assembly in 1871, he favored a constitutional monarchy. He was re-

markable for his ascetic habits, as well as for his extensive charity.

#### ITALY.

**THE TEMPORAL POWER.**—"It is now abundantly evident that no conciliation can be brought about, or *modus vivendi* agreed upon, between the papacy and the kingdom of Italy so long as Leo XIII. sits on the pontifical throne." These are the opening words of a long letter which appeared in the *London Times* from its Roman correspondent. The writer says in another part of his letter: "It is not the want of temporal power, but the restrictions liberty of conscience imposes on his spiritual rule, which forms the unvarying keynote of all his discourses. In his encyclical of the 21st of April, Leo XIII. commences by deploring the accumulation of evils with which he beholds mankind afflicted, and by stating that the chief cause lies in 'the disdain and refusal of that holy and august authority of the Church which, in the name of God, presides over the human race and is of every legitimate power the guardian and vindicator,' and then he goes on to say that 'it is not any vain desire of dominion which moves him to demand the re-establishment of his civil jurisdiction, but because it is necessary to the conservation of the full liberty of the spiritual power'—that is, the unlimited exercise of the spiritual jurisdiction."

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* thus concludes a long letter on this subject: "To sum the matter up. The Italians would have no objection to yield the right of nominating bishops, or any other obsolete right which is in a manner an interference of the civil power in matters of spiritual jurisdiction, to a friendly occupant of the Vatican—to a pope who had recognized the kingdom of Italy, accepted the civil list, and abstained from any direct or indirect act of hostility to the State; but that they should gratuitously yield an iota to a pontiff who with blander manners maintains the policy of his predecessors is out of the question. The perplexity of the Vatican is great at the present moment, complicated by the failure of the negotiations with Germany and by Gambetta's speech at Romans. That phrase, 'Apply the laws, all the laws, but suppress all privileges,' has become but too evidently the order of the day. But two paths remain open to the pope—to return to the policy of the past and follow the advice of the Jesuits—war to the knife—or to yield utterly and entirely, live at peace with Italy and foreign Catholic powers, and save for the Church of Rome such portions of the wreck as are not yet submerged."

#### EASTERN AFRICA.

**PROGRESSIVE AND PROSPEROUS WORK.**—The work of Bishop Steere's mission on the Island of Zanzibar and on the mainland in the interior is progressive and prosperous. The bishop writes to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel as follows:

"You are aware through how many difficulties we have struggled in order to reach our present position, and now the whole continent of Africa is opening before us in a manner altogether beyond any but the most sanguine expectations. We have been enabled greatly to increase our operations, but are still very far from being able to cover the ground before us. Each day makes us anxious to do more. We have now at Magila, in the Usambara country, a mission which is capable of indefinite enlargement, where all the rough work of the first planting is done, and under Mr. Farler's able guidance there seems a prospect of bringing into the Church a very large part of the native population. The advantages of the mission are that it occupies a compact, well-defined district in which the sanatoria of this part of Africa are almost certainly to be found. It is already well established, and the first anxieties and expenses are over. It greatly needs expansion, which we lack the means to give it. It lies within easy reach of Zanzibar, and can easily draw supplies from thence. It is now worked by one clergyman (the Rev. J. P. Farler) and two laymen (Mr. Phillips, whom I hope shortly to ordain deacon, and Mr. Yorke who has passed through his course at Zanzibar). There are two native readers from our school in Zanzibar (Preston Mabruki and Acland Sehera), and a party of

boys and adults from our establishments. There seem to be now connected with the station about thirty baptized natives and about 100 under instruction as catechumens. If we could plant sub-stations in the various towns which have asked for them it seems that the number of catechumens might be indefinitely increased. We have not been able to spend upon this work more than about £1,000 a year; but double that sum could be very advantageously employed."

#### CANADA.

**ONTARIO—Death of the Rev. Dr. Greene.**—The burial of the Rev. Thomas Greene, LL.D., rector of Wellington Square, took place in that village October 9th. The deceased was one of the oldest, most respected, and best known clergymen in Western Ontario. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and after taking orders was sent out to Canada as a missionary by the Society of Propagation of Christian Knowledge, under Bishop Stewart, of Quebec, arriving in the year 1832. The field of labor embraced the whole district west of Montreal, over which he had to make his way on horseback, or in such other primitive style as could be made available, the late Bishop Strachan and many of the most prominent clergymen of Canada at that time connected with the Episcopal Church, being his colleagues. Holding the rectorship of Wellington Square for forty years, the life of the deceased was not a very eventful one, but as a man, a clergyman, a father, and neighbor he secured and retained until his death the confidence and esteem of all.

**NIAGARA—Grace Church, Watertown.**—The incumbency of Grace church in the village of Watertown, made vacant by the promotion of the Rev. Canon Houston to Clifton, has been filled by the appointment of the Rev. J. Francis, for upwards of ten years incumbent of St. Paul's church, Jarvis.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

**LAWRENCE—St. Thomas's Church.**—This new church was opened for Divine service for the first time on the morning of Sunday, September 22d, a large congregation being in attendance. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion at eight o'clock, and at 10:30 A. M. Morning Prayer was said and the Holy Communion celebrated by the rector, the Rev. B. A. Brown. At this service the sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. C. A. Hall, of Boston, from Hebrews viii. 5: "See, said he, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount." At the evening service the sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. E. Johnson, of Lowell. The offerings taken up at the several services amounted to \$1,218.65.

The parish of St. Thomas was formed by a number of the members of St. John's church, and the Rev. Mr. Brown, having resigned the rectorship of that church, has had charge of it from its beginning. The new parish was organized on March 16th of this year, and services were begun on Sunday, April 4th. On June 1st the corner-stone was laid of the building which has been opened recently for service. The church is tastefully furnished, and contains stained-glass windows, several of which were given by Mr. John Gott, Mrs. Huse, Mr. Bevington, Mrs. Mary Bowden, Mr. James Hartley, and the Knights of St. John.

**DIOCESAN STATISTICS.**—The Journal of the last convention contains the following statistics: Clergymen canonically resident (bishop, 1; priests, 140; deacons, 8), 149; baptisms (infants, 1,836; adults, 450), 2,286; confirmed, 1,446; communicants, 15,581; marriages, 559; burials, 1,119; Sunday-school pupils, 14,265; contributions—within the parish, \$402,785.06; without the parish, \$53,715.59; total, \$456,500.65.

**QUINCY—Christ Church.**—The Rev. Thaddeus A. Snively, rector of this church, writes, under date of October 11th:

A history of Quincy, just coming out, claims this to be the oldest parish in New England after King's chapel, Boston, and Trinity church, Newport. It is generally thought that the parish was organized in 1727, when the Rev. Ebenezer Miller, D.D., returned after ordination in England as missionary in Brintree (now Quincy).



However, the last rector found evidence in the published proceedings of the venerable society in Brown University, that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had sent a missionary here at least as early as 1682.

At all events there was a goodly number to greet the coming of the Rev. Ebenezer Miller, whose descendants still live in the parish. Its history thenceforward is simply the repetition of many a parochial experience in our Church. Mr. Miller remained until his death in 1763, almost thirty-seven years. Then came the Rev. Edward Winslow, who being a staunch royalist, transferred his home and labors to the more congenial surroundings of Nova Scotia, in 1777, after a stay of thirteen years.

After him came that same terrible trial that blotted out many a parish of our Church. The war came, and after the war indifference. For forty-five years the parish had but infrequent services, and depended on the efforts of one or two earnest, devoted families or individuals to keep alive its spirit and name. Fortunately, before the revolution the congregation had bought a handsome glebe and erected a rectory, which secured the existence of the organization, and gave a basis financially for the coming of the Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler in 1823, who began the building of a new church. So the parish passed through one crisis, and all went well until 1860, when the church was burned.

Here came another crisis in its life, and if I can in a few words picture its trial of faith and the sacrifices which have been made in this parish since then, my aim will be reached. After the burning of the old church the devoted few resolved to build it again. In their first interview with Bishop Eastburn his distinct advice was to abandon the parish; but they thought and resolved otherwise.

A Gothic church of granite was built in 1861, and by 1871 it had been paid for, and a rectory costing \$5,000 stood by its side, free from debt. Then came another terrible trial. The congregation had just completed decorations and repairs to the cost of \$1,200, and the church was just ready to be reopened when, through the carelessness of the painters in leaving their rags dripping with oil, it caught fire and was burned to the ground. The rectory was barely saved. This sad disappointment did not dishearten the parish. They resolved to rebuild at once. Their insurance money gave them a handsome start, and generosity and love for the church carried them on.

Then came the great Boston fire. That seemed to sweep out all their hopes. First no help could come to them from the kind friends in Boston, from whom they hoped for very much aid. But more than that, the insurance companies, and with them their *good start*, were swept down in the crash. But more still, the men and women who were to shoulder the chief burden found themselves involved in the same ruin, some of them reduced from affluence to imperative need.

Was it not a crisis, a cross almost too heavy to bear? There were but few able to give liberally, and their gifts must be divided between their Summer and Winter homes, with fortunes crippled, reduced, almost destroyed.

I know of scarcely a parish that has gone through such a struggle. What was done then? Did they give up? No. The devoted rector and earnest, faithful people were cast in a very different mould. Undismayed, they resolved to begin again. Land was purchased for the enlargement of the church lot, and the rectory was moved thither and very much improved and enlarged, and the church was begun anew larger than before, and in the perfection of good taste. Individual gifts enriched the interior with exquisite furniture, and beautiful windows, and an exceedingly sweet organ. The church was paid for and consecrated June 21st, 1875.

Since then a general effort of all classes, conditions, and ages among the parishioners has resulted in a pledge fund, which is rapidly clearing away the burden of a small debt which remained upon the rectory. In the past eighteen months, the greater part of the time without a rector, by such efforts over \$2,000 has been paid off, and but \$2,200 now remains. This is a record of self-denial and earnest devotion which may be of interest to many readers of THE CHURCHMAN. I therefore venture to send it to you.

The spiritual growth of the parish has kept pace with its temporal success, I firmly believe. April 1st ended a vacancy in the rectorship of fourteen months. During that time the parish held together wonderfully and showed many marks of true life and earnest devotion. In 1868 the number of communicants was sixty-five. To-day they number 192. The parish gave, September 22d, though many had already given in Boston for the Southern sufferers, \$246.16, and the Sunday-school, \$6.75. Last Sunday (October 6th) the bishop visited the parish and confirmed 17.

**FALL RIVER—Church of the Ascension.**—On Sunday morning, September 29th, a mission service was held in a hall, at which about seventy-five persons were present. Most of these are communicants of the Church, but on account of distance cannot attend the parish church.

On Sunday, October 6th, the rector—the Rev. W. T. Fitch—was present at the organization of the Sunday-school, when ninety-eight names were enrolled.

The rector has preached in the parish church morning and evening, and at Swansea in the afternoon, besides taking charge of mission work. He has long felt the need of more being done than any one man could possibly do. Seeing the great need of the Church's extending her arms to care for her children, he has obtained the assistance of a candidate for Holy Orders to help him in mission work.

#### NEW YORK.

**NEW YORK—St. Philip's Church.**—This church was reopened on Sunday morning, October 6th, after extensive alterations and repairs. A recessed chancel has been built through the liberality of one of the wardens. A vestry-room has been partitioned off the aisle, and the ceiling, walls, and gallery entirely redecorated. At the morning service the sermon was delivered by the rector, the Rev. J. S. Atwell. There were also present the Rev. Mr. Peterson, assistant minister, and the Rev. Mr. Edgerton, of Brooklyn, E. D. The text was Ps. xix. 16, 17. A celebration of the Holy Communion followed. In the evening the Bishop of Springfield delivered an able sermon.

The cost of the improvements of the church was \$1,500, two thirds of which was defrayed by Mr. Joseph Teneyck, one of the wardens. The offerings on the Sunday evenings of this month will be devoted to the payment of the remainder—\$500. On Sunday evening last the bishop of the diocese preached, the Rev. Dr. Dix being in the chancel. On next Sunday evening (October 20th) the Rev. Dr. Morgan is expected to preach.

All of the alterations and repairs have been executed by Messrs. Cox & Sons, of New York and London.

**Clergymen's Insurance League.**—At the recent annual meeting of this league, the treasurer reported that during the existence of the organization it had paid to beneficiaries \$253,082, and that of this amount \$31,136 had been paid during the last year. The present membership is 558. It was announced that friends of the league are depositing with the treasurer sums of money with which to pay the dues of members who are laboring in the fever-infected districts of the South. The Rev. Mr. Dunnell, the treasurer, will receipt for sums designed for this object if sent to All Saints' Rectory, No. 292 Henry street.

**ESOPUS-ON-THE-HUDSON—Church of the Ascension.**—This church has been renovated thoroughly. The old-fashioned pine seats, pulpit and reading desk, communion table, and altar furniture have been replaced by new and beautiful work in hard wood. The old latticed diamond windows have given way to new stained glass, and the walls have been painted and frescoed most artistically with proper ecclesiastical emblems, a text from Scripture forming the frieze. The whole is in excellent taste. Hard wood wainscoting, and a steam-heating apparatus are also among the improvements.

The church was first opened, since the renovation, for service on Sunday, September 29th, and there was a large attendance. The rector (the Rev. H. B. Sherman) preached from Ezra vii. 27: "Blessed be the Lord God of our Fathers which hath put such a thing as this in the king's heart, to beautify the house of the

Lord." The discourse was brief and eloquent on the subject of church renovation and decoration. He praised the free-will offering of one of his parishioners, who, as a memorial, alone had accomplished the work—both for its cause and its beauty, alluding to it as a pure act of religion. The memorial inscription on the beautiful pulpit bears the name of Lizzie J. Butterfield, who died some time since.

The work is understood to have been done by General Daniel Butterfield, of Esopus. The church was originally built through the efforts of Messrs. Russell, Pell, Astor, and others.

#### LONG ISLAND.

**BROOKLYN—St. John's Church.**—The Rev. T. S. Pycott, rector of this church, has lately returned from several months' travelling in Europe, very much recruited in general health. The church has received increased strength from the accession of parishioners, and is full and flourishing.

#### WESTERN NEW YORK.

**ROCHESTER—St. Luke's Church.**—The Woman's Missionary Association of this church held a meeting recently, when the annual report was read by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Anstice. During the last year the association has had forty-nine members. The missionary contributions for the year were \$452.72, distributed among the different departments of the Church's missions. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Mrs. M. M. Mathews; vice-president, Mrs. Howard Osgood; secretary and treasurer, Miss C. L. Rochester. Weekly meetings for work will be held by the association during the coming Winter.

**Christ Church.**—The women of this parish have sent six large boxes of supplies to the Southern sufferers by yellow fever.

**SODUS CENTRE—A Useful Gift.**—Members of Christ church, Rochester, have presented to the parish at this place a silver communion service.

#### NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

**NORWOOD—Consecration of a Church.**—The new church of the Holy Communion, at this place, was consecrated to the worship of Almighty God by the Bishop of Rhode Island, acting for the bishop of the diocese, on Saturday, September 28th. On the previous evening a service was held in the church, preparatory to the service of consecration.

The consecration service was begun on Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, the officiating bishop and ten attending clergymen marching in procession to the church. The church was profusely decorated with flowers. The sermon was delivered by the bishop, who also administered the Holy Communion. The clergymen present were the Rev. Drs. Diller, of Long Island; and Buel and Gallaudet, of New York; and the Rev. Messrs. Woodruff, Hitchings, Babbit, Waite, and Ferguson, of New York; and Holley and Hoyt, of this diocese.

At the conclusion of the service the clergy and others were entertained at the house of Mr. W. H. Oakley.

The church is the result of the loving and persistent labors of a few earnest Church people—of whom a lady residing at Norwood was the life and the head—through several years. The originally small building fund was steadily increased by able management and the kindness of friends until sufficient money had been raised in the Spring of 1877 to warrant the beginning of the building, of which Mr. Cady of New York was the architect. Generous gifts continued. All the stone, the chancel windows, the memorial western window, marble altar, carpets and cushions, font, and many minor details of the furniture of the church, were presented to it. The edifice is of light free-stone, built in the English rural style, with nave and transept and apsidal chancel. The interior wood-work and the furniture are of dark wood and walnut, and all, but particularly that of the chancel, of the best quality. The grounds about the building have been laid out tastefully, trees planted, and sheds erected during the past year.

From the very first the bishop of the diocese has manifested hearty interest in the work. His



feet were the first to cross the threshold of the completed building, and he had set apart the 28th and 29th of September as days to be devoted to the consecration of the church and the ordination of the minister in charge. It was then with feelings of profound sorrow that the congregation heard that illness would prevent him from being present. Though saddened by the absence and suffering of their bishop, the congregation respected his request "for no postponement," and Bishop Clark kindly consented to perform the episcopal duties on these occasions.

**Ordination.**—On Sunday, September 29th, the festival of St. Michael and All Angels, the Bishop of Rhode Island advanced to the priesthood the Rev. A. H. Vinton, 2d, minister in charge of the church of the Holy Communion. Morning Prayer was said and baptism administered at 9:30 A. M.

Eleven o'clock was the hour of the ordination service, the candidate being presented by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Buel, of the General Theological Seminary, and the Rev. Dr. Diller assisting in the laying on of hands. Eight candidates were presented for confirmation, and one was confirmed in private by the bishop at the conclusion of the services. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the number of communicants extremely large.

The work in Norwood is but just begun, the field is a large one, and the Church little known or understood in the past. The congregation is now engaged in raising the sum necessary for the purchase of an organ, to take the place of the present hired instrument. Already almost half of the requisite amount has been collected, and it is hoped that before the ending of another year a suitable organ will be obtained.

**CONVOCATION OF NEWARK.**—This convocation met in Christ church, Newark, on Wednesday, October 9th, a large number of the clergy being present. The Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rev. J. N. Stansbury, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Pennell and the Rev. Joseph H. Smith. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Starkey, of Paterson.

At the conclusion of the service a business meeting was organized, with Dean Stansbury in the chair. A resolution was adopted inviting any communicant present to send in his name and the name of the parish to which he belongs, and that he be admitted to a seat on the floor and allowed to speak if he desired to do so. A resolution was then adopted extending similar privileges to the clergymen of the Convocation of Jersey City, and also to all other clergymen present not belonging to this convocation.

The Dean of the Convocation of Jersey City, on behalf of that body, extended greetings to the convocation, wishing it all prosperity, and expressing an earnest wish to coöperate with it in the extension of the Church.

Dean Stansbury then said that the visits of a number of clergy to the various mission posts made it unnecessary for him to speak in detail of these places. He suggested that there should be an expression of sympathy with the bishop of the diocese, who, it is feared, has laid down forever his pastoral staff. A resolution of sympathy was passed.

The Rev. Dr. Clover presented an interesting report of the condition of the missions in the vicinity of Hackettstown. The Rev. Mr. Abbott, of a committee to visit the missions in the vicinity of Belvidere, presented a report complimenting the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Douglass, for the work he had accomplished, and recommending that Belvidere be made a mission by itself.

The Rev. Dr. Pennell, of a committee to visit mission stations in Sussex county, spoke of the difficulties the Church labored under there in consequence of the inability of the missionary to visit the stations often enough. He favored a board of missions for the whole diocese, with the bishop at the head, to act in connection with the convocations. After further discussion the convocation adjourned.

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

**PHILADELPHIA**—*St. Stephen's Church.*—The improvements made in this church are very great, and must delight every one interested in the parish, and indeed every one who desires

the prosperity of our blessed Faith, or is simply moved by the progress of the good and the sight of the beautiful. In the first place, there has been made a very considerable enlargement of the building. The church will now seat about 1,200 persons. There is a large entrance at the north end of the transept, the doors of which open outwardly upon the small street that passes along the north side of the church. It gives greatly increased light and airiness, and affords a much better ventilation than was possible before. In the rear of the Burd chapel is the vestibule for the stairs that communicate with the gallery, and through which the clergy have access to the vestry-room. Directly west of this vestibule and the Burd Monument chapel is the new vestry-room. The room is large and light, finished in hard woods and fitted with every convenience such a portion of a church building should have. Passing to the improvements in the church there are several considerable particulars to attract the notice. First, the font, so well known to all frequenters of the church for its rare beauty as a work of art, has been removed from its recent place in front of the chancel to the south-west angle of the church, near the entrance, and there most fittingly placed. A platform has been built here for it, which is reached by two steps, and is paved with encaustic tiles. It is guarded by a rail of bright brass, and on each side of the entrance to it is a standard of brass with clusters of gas-jets. The decorations of the two walls back of the font are appropriate and very beautiful.

The chancel has been paved with encaustic tiles, in elaborate and exquisite designs. There is probably no finer piece of tile-work in the United States. On the platform immediately about the altar the tiles contain, in a manifold variety, the symbols of the Crucifixion, while throughout the whole extent they are of fit ecclesiastical character. The communion rail is of fine, brightly polished brass, very graceful in design and rich in appearance. The old oaken pulpit is replaced by one of wrought brass, and is a really splendid piece of art work. It is solid and yet light, being of an open work design. When it is remembered that the reading-desk on the opposite side of the chancel is one of the finest of English brass lecterns, and that on each side, in front of the altar, are two large standard lights of brass, one may probably get some idea of the exceeding magnificence of this chancel. Another door has been made on the side of the Burd Monument chapel, next to the transept; thus enabling those who sit there to have a view of the statuary, a view, indeed, that will be new to many who count themselves already familiar with the lovely marbles, as seen hitherto only from the door in the south of the chapel.

But of all the improvements in the church, probably none will so attract the attention and charm the eye as the brilliant color decoration spread with a lavish wealth over the whole interior. The effect, as a whole, is truly magnificent. It is gorgeous, but in no sense overwrought. It is warm and rich and beautiful. It is wholly dignified and worthy of the place it is designed to adorn. The work must bring a vast credit to the artists who designed and those who carried it into its superb execution. It will be long before the attendants at the church will cease to be impressed, as though newly, with the triumph of color that will be constantly before their eyes. On the ground floor a grand dado, in maroon and gold, four feet in breadth, above the pews, containing in various forms the flamboyant cross, goes all around the church. At the window sides is a foot-broad harmonizing band; while along the top of the wall, under the gallery, is a suitable frieze containing the spread palm-leaf and clusters of dates, the fruit of the palm, symbols, the leaf, of victory, specially appropriate to St. Stephen's, and the date, of immortal life.

The coloring as it rises is lighter in character, and thus satisfies and delights the aesthetic sense. Bounded by the dado and the frieze and the window bands, there is left a generous space of warm cream color, which exercises a toning effect on the warmer coloring around, and yet serves to throw it into more pronounced relief. In the gallery above, the dado again occurs, but here of a much lighter character, being of a leather-colored ground, and an olive-green and maroon pattern, flecked with gold, which is of a diapered

pattern, the diamonds of which contain the *fleur-de-lis*. The frieze on the wall above is one of the most lovely parts of all the works. It is broad and bold, containing the fig, leaf and fruit—emblem of the Fall, and of the gift of Divine knowledge—running into the special band that crowns the tops of the windows with its own new combinations of color and symbols. The ceiling is very lovely, the heavy rafters are covered on the sides with crosses of gold, and the faces with another variation of the cross and the triangle, in white. The strength of these beams is indicated by the strong colors of maroon and ultramarine blue. The interspaces of the ceiling between the rafters are of a lighter and most successful tint of plain turquoise blue. The gallery front has been painted a warm olive gray, and lined with red. The columns supporting the galleries are in olive and bronze, and the capitals in maroon, red, and blue. The organ has been repainted—the case in the same colors as the gallery front; the pipes in bright tints and emblems—the cross, the lily, and the Alpha and Omega.

The reredos, hitherto the only piece of decorative painting in the church, has been newly painted, and is now resplendent with its white and blue, its red and gold, its appropriate symbols and sentences.

The frescoing on the two walls of the angle enclosing the font is a completed study. On either wall occurs the palm, reaching from the platform to near the ceiling, one on each side. Between, in the centre, is the famous *vesica piscis*, in the light-green water of which, and beneath the gold-waved striping, signifying the life and motion of the water, are seen in darker green three fishes, arranged triangle-wise. From this figure emanate strong rays of silver. Above it, in the vaulted blue, is the dove, from which descend toward the water rays of gold. Above and below are baptismal texts of Scripture, and borderings of scallop shells, and alternating open and closed water-lilies. Altogether this part of the work is of remarkable fitness, richness, and beauty. To all lovers of ecclesiastical decoration the painting of St. Stephen's will afford an exquisite study, new in this city, and unsurpassed, probably, anywhere in the land.

The church has been newly and handsomely carpeted; new gas-fixtures, of brightest brass and ecclesiastical design, have taken the place of the old ones. Electric bells communicate from the vestry-room and the chancel with the organ-gallery, the bell-chamber, and the sexton's stand in the front vestibule of the church.

It will thus be seen that in the enterprise of the improvements of St. Stephen's no narrow views have prevailed. The result must be most satisfactory to all who have been engaged in working it out, and give unbounded pleasure to all who shall be so fortunate as to have the beholding of it.

**Churchmen's Missionary Association for Seamen.**—The annual meeting of this association was held last week. The report of the board of managers was read, showing a large amount of work done in visiting seamen and distributing Bibles, Prayer Books, and other publications among them. The Rev. B. H. Latrobe, Jr., has been elected missionary, in place of the Rev. W. B. Erben, resigned. The receipts of the association were \$600 less last year than the year before.

The following board of directors was elected for the ensuing year: Messrs. James C. Booth, Jos. E. Hover, Wm. C. Kurt, Isaac Welsh, James M. Aertsen, Solomon Shepherd, James J. Biddle, Richard C. McMurtrie, Morris S. Cummings, Francis A. Lewis, George W. Story, Wm. G. Boulton, Henry K. Dillard, Wm. W. Frazier, Jr., George R. Kellogg, and Louis C. Madeira.

**Preparations for the Bishop's Return.**—At a meeting of the clergy and laity of the diocese, held in Philadelphia, a committee was appointed to make arrangements for a reception to be given to the bishop after his return from Europe, which is expected to take place about October 21st. The committee consists of the Rev. Drs. Currie, Hoffman, Childs, Rumney, and Watson, and Messrs. W. W. Frazier, Jr., G. M. Coates, Lemuel Coffin, A. J. Drexel, and W. C. Houston. Arrangements will probably be made for religious services to be held on the morning of the reception day.



## CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

**READING—Christ Church.**—A window has been presented to this church by Mr. Richmond L. Jones, in memory of his father and mother, and placed in the south side of the nave. The design of the window is an allegorical representation of Memory and Hope. At the bottom of the window, under the figure of Memory, appears the following text: "The memory of the just is blessed—Proverbs x. 7," and under the figure of Hope the text: "Hope thou in God—Psalms xlii. 11." The inscription is as follows: "J. Glancy Jones, died March 24th, 1878. Annie Rodman Jones, died July 14th, 1871." The window was made by Messrs. Sharp & Colgate, of New York.

## MARYLAND.

**BALTIMORE.—Church of St. Michael and All Angels.**—A course of sermons and lectures is delivering on Sunday evenings in this church (the Rev. William Kirkus, rector) to young people and to the older members of the congregation, on interesting, practical, and historical questions. There is also a course of lectures on "Church Principles in Church History" to follow on Sunday evenings after the completion of the first series. The parish festival was held on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, when the offerings were devoted to the fund for the completion of the first portion (the transept) of the permanent church building. Eleven thousand dollars have been already provided and spent. An additional \$15,000 will be required for finishing the transept, which will seat over 600 persons, the whole church being intended to seat 1,200. The offerings on Sunday were \$400 in money, and pledges for \$2,500. The land was given to the parish.

**Bequests to the Church.**—The will of John A. Gambrel, late of this city, makes the following bequests to Church institutions: To the church of the Messiah, \$1,000; to the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society, \$500; to domestic missions, \$300; to the theological seminary at Alexandria, Va., \$1,000. After the payment of other bequests and all debts the residue of the estate is to be divided proportionately among the white and colored benevolent institutions of Baltimore. The estate is valued at about \$30,000.

## VIRGINIA.

**ORANGE COURT HOUSE—St. Thomas's Church.**—The rectory of this church has been destroyed by fire, and the rector (the Rev. Mr. Hansbrough) lost nearly all his furniture, clothing, and other household property, on which there was no insurance.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

## BISHOP ATKINSON'S APPOINTMENTS.

## OCTOBER.

20. Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, Wadesboro.
21. Monday, Ansonville.
22. Wednesday, Monroe.
23. Thursday evening, Concord.
24. Saturday, St. Mary's, Rowan Co.
27. Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, Salisbury.
28. Monday, St. Andrew's, Rowan Co., SS. Simon and Jude.
29. Tuesday, Christ church, Rowan Co.
30. Wednesday, Lexington.
31. Thursday, Thomasville.

## NOVEMBER.

1. Friday, All Saints', Greensboro.
3. Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, Winston.
5. Tuesday, Huntsville.
6. Wednesday, Germantown, Stokes Co.
7. Thursday, Hairston's chapel, Stokes Co.
9. Saturday, Mountain chapel, Rockingham Co.
10. Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, Leaksville.
11. Monday evening, Reidsville.

## MISSISSIPPI.

**GREENVILLE—Death of the Rev. Duncan C. Green.**—The Rev. Mr. Green died of yellow fever September 15th. He fell in the midst of his ministrations to the sick and the dying, and passed away in peace. His wife and children were within four miles of him; but not allowed to be with him. He was born at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in 1844; and from his earliest infancy, by a sweetness of disposition and independence of spirit, gave promise of all that a fond parent could desire. He was at St. James's college, Maryland, when the late unhappy war began. In his seventeenth year he entered the

Southern army a beardless boy, unfitted, to all appearance, for the life of a camp and the dangers of a battle-field. Knowing the temptations as well as the dangers that were before him, the day on which he was enrolled saw him renew in confirmation his enlistment, while an infant, in the army of Christ. He first served in the infantry, but being disabled by an accidental wound in the arm, was transferred to the artillery. He is said by his companions not to have known what fear was. At the battle of Baker's Creek, near Vicksburg, after three guns of his battery had been taken, assisted by a single private of his company, he remained in face of the enemy, and from an exposed situation fired the remaining gun six times before he effected his retreat. Promotion soon followed. At the close of the war a recollection of the good lessons learned from a saintlike mother inclined him at once to the ministry. He was admitted to the diaconate by his father, December 8th, 1867, and ordained priest the following year. His first parish was Grace church, Canton, and his second Greenville, where he laid down his life for his flock on Sunday, the 15th of September. A wife and two children are left to feel his loss.

## LOUISIANA.

**NEW ORLEANS.—The African Church.**—Among the disastrous results of the fever in New Orleans, we have the melancholy assurance from the bishop that the African church, recently opened under the brightest auspices, is likely to be closed, and the property lost to the Church. Struck down in the faithful discharge of his duty by the pestilence, the colored minister returns to his work to confront a calamity more fatal to his labors. The beautiful edifice, complete in all its appointments, was encumbered with a mortgage, now due, for \$4,500, which, under other circumstances, would have been discharged. But the ghastly distress which has come over the congregation, intensified by their want of employment, has endangered the whole enterprise. Unless some kind benefactors can be moved to come to the rescue, this work of years will be abandoned in despair.

## NORTHERN TEXAS.

**SOME MISTAKES CORRECTED.**—A correspondent writes, under date of Dallas, Texas, September, 1878:

A letter in a recent number of the *Spirit of Missions*, entitled "Second Impressions," and signed by the Rev. Charles Ritter, then missionary at Texarcana, is unfortunately, although, as I have since learned, unintentionally, calculated to mislead the minds of some in regard to Church work in this jurisdiction. In that letter three organized missions, one deacon with a school of forty pupils, one presbyter with a school, and a consecrated church, were extinguished. Texas may have its drawbacks as well as its attractions (what State and diocese has not?), but in spite of all our struggles here there is still life and increasing vitality.

Within "the square" alluded to, as far as our limited means will permit, the Church's work goes on. This is a missionary jurisdiction, and the work is purely missionary in character. The clergy who come here have the same trials which every such jurisdiction presents—a raw population gathered from the corners of the earth; energetic business men, eager in their pursuit of money, with little time or inclination for Church work; sin in all its forms; the world, the flesh, and the devil presenting the same allurements as in other "new countries." I am not here finding fault with my reverend brother for having such impressions as he expressed, but for neglecting to throw some ray of light upon the cheerless scene, which he might have done by a more careful investigation of what the Church is doing and has done, with the help of generous friends at the North and East, added to our scanty pecuniary supply at home, and to the zeal which some at least of our people have.

STEPHEN H. GREENE.

## KENTUCKY.

**LOUISVILLE—Convocation.**—A meeting of the Louisville convocation was held in Christ church, on the evening of Sunday, October 6th. Evening Prayer was said, and the assistant-bishop

made an earnest appeal in behalf of diocesan missions, and a good offering was made by the congregation.

**St. John's Church.**—A harvest-home festival was held in this church (the Rev. B. T. H. Maycock, rector) on the evening of Wednesday, October 9th. Evening Prayer was said by the rector and the Rev. C. A. Carey, of Jeffersonville, Ind., the Rev. L. P. Tschiffel delivering an appropriate sermon. The church was beautifully decorated. The money offerings, together with the flowers, fruit, and vegetables were given to the Orphanage of the Good Shepherd.

A society has been formed by the young women of the parish, to be known as the Young Ladies' Guild of St. John's Church. Its object is to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the church, principally through the Sunday-school, as also special attention to strangers and social intercourse in the church. The following have been elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Miss Maury; vice-presidents, Miss N. Johnson and Miss Winton; secretary, Miss Drysdale; treasurer, Miss English; directress, Miss Ellis.

## ILLINOIS.

**LAGRANGE—Emmanuel Church.**—On Saturday, October 5th, this church (the Rev. F. N. Luson, rector) was consecrated to the worship of Almighty God by the bishop of the diocese. The services were begun at 11:30 A. M. by a procession into the church of the bishop and attending clergymen—the Rev. Drs. Sullivan, Locke, Morrison, and Fiske, and the Rev. Messrs. Knowles, Fleetwood, Smith, Moore and Kinney and the rector. The sermon was delivered by the bishop, from Habakkuk ii. 20: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." The instrument of donation was read by Mr. D. B. Lyman, senior warden, and the sentence of consecration by the rector. The bishop was assisted in the Holy Communion by the Rev. Drs. Sullivan and Locke.

The church is Gothic in architecture, and is constructed of blue undressed stone, with raised edges of cement. It is ninety feet long by thirty-two feet wide; has an apsidal chancel, and a tower sixteen feet square and seventy-five feet high, with turrets, so that as the little edifice nestles down in the prairie, with its solid, castellated appearance, it presents as pretty a picture as is to be seen in Western religious life. The windows are of handsome stained glass, and the ceiling is of ash and black walnut, octagon, and twenty-five feet high. The wainscoting reaches to the windows, and matches the ceiling. The seating capacity is three hundred and fifty. The chancel furniture is of oak.

The erection of the church was begun in the Spring of 1875, and the corner-stone was laid in June of the same year. The basement was finished and occupied the next year, and preparations made for the further erection of the walls. In the Summer of 1877 the structure was completed externally with the exception of the tower. During the Summer of that year the tower was completed, the stone steps placed to both the two porches, and the building finished internally. The slow progress of its erection and completion was owing to the plan adopted of paying for the work as it proceeded, and to go on only so fast as funds were contributed for it.

## WESTERN MICHIGAN.

**CONVOCAION OF KALAMAZOO.**—This convocation met in St. Mark's church, Paw Paw, on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 10th and 11th, the bishop of the diocese, the rector of the parish, and eight other clergymen being present.

On Tuesday afternoon a children's service was held, the children were catechized, and addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. J. W. Bancroft, J. T. Magrath, and H. B. Whittemore.

On Wednesday morning Divine service was held in the church, and the Holy Communion celebrated, a sermon *ad clerum* being delivered by the Rev. H. J. Cook, on "The Trials, Consolations, and Encouragements of the Christian Ministry."

The business meeting was held in the afternoon, and encouraging reports were made of the missionary work done in the cures of the clergymen present.



The final service was held on the evening of Wednesday, and a paper was read by the Rev. J. F. Conover on "The Religious Training of the Young," which was followed by a discussion in which the Rev. Messrs. Magrath, Cook, Bancroft, and Scott participated. The bishop then closed the sessions of the convocation with interesting remarks and the benediction.

#### DAKOTA.

**A MISSIONARY VISITATION.**—The bishop and the Rev. Dr. Hoyt have just finished a missionary tour through Southern Dakota, holding services and preaching in all the towns and settlements in the Sioux valley and the James River valley. Confirmation was administered at Elk Point, Sioux Falls, Lincoln Centre, and Yankton.

**CONVOCATION MEETING.**—A meeting of the convocation of the jurisdiction was held at Yankton on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of October. During the session sermons were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Huntington, Fowler, and Morris.

**YANKTON—Ordination.**—On Sunday morning, October 6th, in Christ church, Yankton, the bishop admitted Mr. James M. McBride to the order of deacons. The candidate was presented by the Rev. John Morris, and the sermon was delivered by the Rev. F. R. Millsbaugh, dean of Trinity cathedral, Omaha.

**Lecture by the Bishop.**—On Sunday night, October 6th, the bishop delivered a lecture on the Lambeth Conference to a very large congregation in Christ church, Yankton.

**A NEW CHURCH.**—During the last Summer a church was erected at Stronghold, on the Missouri Road.

#### CALIFORNIA.

**A LECTURE ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.**—An able lecture on the Chinese question has been published lately by J. G. Kerr, M.D., twenty-three years a missionary physician in Canton, but now of San Francisco. He does not believe that Chinese immigration will ever be very extensive. He says:

After twenty five or more years of unrestricted emigration we find only about one hundred thousand Chinese in the country. The probabilities are that this number will not increase rapidly, because the source of supply is a limited district of the province of Canton, viz., the counties of San-hwui, San-n'ing, Hoi-ping, and Yan-ping, which supply the great majority of emigrants, not only to California, but to Australia, while some other counties send a small number. China is divided into eighteen provinces, and only three of these have ever sent emigrants to any country over the sea, and the great central area of the empire was so depopulated by the great Tae-ping rebellion, that many years will pass before it is again filled up and restored to its former prosperity.

The city of Shanghai is the great commercial emporium of China, situated near the mouth of the Yang-tsz river, and is in direct communication with all the interior provinces as well as the coast provinces north and south. During a period of ten years there has been a line of steamers between that port and San Francisco, running most of the time twice a month, and yet not a single emigrant for California has ever sailed from that port.

**THE BISHOP'S ANNIVERSARY.**—The feast of SS. Simon and Jude, October 28th, will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop Kip's consecration to the episcopate.

**SAN FRANCISCO—Church of the Advent.**—This church has passed into the hands of the bishop, who has made himself responsible for it, in order to save the property from being lost. On a recent Sunday the following notice was placed in the pews: "The vestry beg to inform the congregation that the right reverend the bishop of the diocese has assumed the pastoral charge of the church, and will, with competent assistants, conduct the services and perform the necessary duties of the parish. This new arrangement will take effect on Sunday, September 23d, when the bishop will preach, and from and after which date the church will be known as the 'Bishop's Church of the Diocese.'"

For Collegiate and Academic, Confirmations, Personals, and Acknowledgments, see pages 470 and 471.

### NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil (or *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

#### MARRIED.

In St. Paul's church, Erie, Pa., October 10th, by the Rev. W. H. Mills, rector, FREDERICK W. METCALF and RUTH, only daughter of Isaac Moorhead.

On Tuesday, October 8th, at St. Paul's chapel, by the Rev. J. Mulchahey, D.D., WALTER H. LUTHER and LIZZIE C., youngest daughter of the officiating clergyman, all of this city. No cards.

At Greenwich, N. Y., October 9th, by the Rev. George H. Nicholls, assisted by the Rev. John D. Skene, GEORGE HUNTINGTON NICHOLLS, JR., of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., son of the officiating clergyman, to Miss EMMA M., only daughter of the late Mr. Henry P. Smith, of Greenwich, N. Y.

#### DIED.

At Brownsville, Tenn., on Friday, September 13th, of yellow fever, EDWARD BARNWELL CUTBERT, native of Beaufort, S. C., aged 49 years and 11 months. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

At Seymour, Conn., September 29th, JULIA DUBOIS, infant daughter of Thomas L. and Julia A. James, aged 18 months.

At the residence of Dr. S. L. Benson, 52 West Thirty-third street, New York, October 6th, 1878, Mrs. SUSAN GANSON, widow of Joseph Ganson, in the 66th year of her age.

#### OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on Wednesday morning, September 25th, 1878, at Litchfield, Conn., CORNELIA ROOSEVELT, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cornelius R. and Sarah B. Duffie, aged 14 years and 5 months.

In the death of this bright and beautiful child—a child and a woman too, so precocious was she in body and in mind—a vacuum has been made not only in her own now desolated home, but in her circle of relatives and friends, to whom she was the object of no common admiration and love, a vacuum which can be filled only when all are reunited in Paradise. From her robust constitution she seemed to be the very last in all that circle to be early called away. For some days before her departure, a high fever caused her mind to wander. But even in her delirium she was filled with holy thoughts. Within two or three hours of her death, when unable to recognize even her parents, she said in a clear voice, "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, keep, and strengthen me" (and then extending her hands), "through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." She then having repeated the words, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," said, "Now I will sing it to that dear old tune," and then sang sweetly and distinctly the first verse. About one hour before her death she attempted to say the Lord's Prayer, but her voice failed her after the words, "Who art in heaven." In heaven were thus the last articulate words upon her lips, and soon after she herself entered into "heavenly habitations" and the rest of Paradise. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

At Memphis, Tenn., September 12th, of yellow fever, Miss EMILY N. IRWIN, a native of Virginia, but many years a resident of Memphis.

"Faithful unto the end." A devoted, loving follower of her Saviour, her whole life was given to His service. But God called her to that heavenly home prepared for His saints in glory. A. E. S.

#### OBITUARY.

The Rev. RALPH HOYT, late rector of the church of the Good Shepherd, Fort Lee, N. J., died at his residence in New York, on Friday, October 11th, in the seventieth year of his age. Mr. Hoyt was born in New York, and was educated in the common schools. He was ordained in 1840, by Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk, in St. Mark's church, Williamsburg. He established a mission soon after at Market and Monroe streets, where he rented and furnished a room over a liquor-store as a place of public worship. It was there he organized the congregation that was afterward known as the church of the Good Shepherd. In 1854 he raised sufficient funds to enable him to purchase some lots of ground in Fifty-fourth street, between Second and Third avenues, upon which he immediately after began the erection of a church building. Shortly before its completion the edifice was blown down during a tornado. With the view of contributing toward the expense of its reconstruction, Mr. Hoyt published a collection of pastoral poems which he had written, and gave the volume the title of "Life and Landscape." The book met with widespread recognition and a ready sale, and the church of the Good Shepherd was built with the proceeds added to the amount subscribed by the congregation. Seven years ago it was thrown down to make way for residences. After resigning the rectorship of the church Mr. Hoyt opened a mission church at Fort Lee, where he had resided for years previous. He called his new church, also, the church of the Good Shepherd. Three months ago he was forced to retire and come to New York while suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which finally resulted in his death.

#### A FAREWELL.

It is with regret we learn that the Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer has resigned his charge of Emmanuel church of this city, which was so recently consecrated by the Bishop of Long Island. Dr. Van Rensselaer in leaving has the best wishes of all those who have known him. The following are the resolutions passed by the churchwardens and vestrymen:

WHEREAS, The Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer has been reluctantly compelled to tender his resignation as rector of Emmanuel church, Geneva; therefore it is unanimously

Resolved, That it is with feelings of unfeigned sor-

row that the vestry concur in this voluntary action of the Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer as severing the pleasant associations between pastor and people.

Resolved, That in recalling the faithful services of Dr. Van Rensselaer during the eventful year of his rectorship; his ever-present interest in the religious teaching of those committed to his charge; his earnest cooperation in the completion of our little sanctuary (consecrated during his pastorate); and his irreproachable life and example as a minister of God; the vestry feel they can offer no higher tribute of their confidence in him as a man, or furnish no stronger evidence of the affection entertained for him by his congregation as their spiritual adviser, than by recording their united verdict that he has richly merited the judgment of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Resolved, That in withdrawing from Emmanuel church Dr. Van Rensselaer will bear with him to his new field of labor the best and most cordial wishes of the vestry and their prayers that his future career may be clouded with sorrow, and the evening of his days be peaceful under the inspiring reflection of a life well spent in the service of his Divine Master.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be placed upon the minutes of the vestry, a copy furnished to Dr. Van Rensselaer, and further published in the *Swiss Times* of Geneva, and THE CHURCHMAN of America.

JULES MARCELIN,  
HENRY J. BARREY,  
Wardens.

J. SAVAGE DELAVAN,  
JAMES T. BATES,  
PETER NAYLOR,  
J. EGLINTON MONTGOMERY,  
Vestrymen.

### AN APPEAL FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

Owing to the yellow fever the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., is in a great strait, some of its professors suffering for the bare necessities of life, and the very existence of the institution being endangered. This University looks to the offerings of the Southern dioceses, in a great measure, for support. These dioceses, lamed and crippled by a series of disastrous years, of late have made but small offerings at best; but such as they were they are now entirely diverted to the fever-stricken districts. While the brethren of the North, whose means are greater, are helping liberally and more efficiently the needs of those communities in which the yellow fever prevails, there is certainly that other and far-reaching want, endangering a vital interest to the Church in the South, will be overlooked by them unless special attention is drawn to it.

This want of the University is a direct outcome of the terrible scourge that has visited the South (as direct as that of the unemployed business men or teachers in the cities of New Orleans or Memphis), and as no aid can come from its usual sources of income before January, 1879, it is to be hoped that the Churchmen of the North will remember that it can appeal only to them for help.

Offerings may be addressed "For the University of the South," to the Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D., No. 2 Bible House, or to Howard Potter, Esq., 59 Wall street, New York.

TELFAIR HODGSON,  
Dean of the Theological Faculty,  
University of the South.

The Annual Meetings of the Evangelical Societies of the Protestant Episcopal Church will be held on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 1878, in the Church of the Ascension, New York, as follows:

The Evangelical Knowledge Society, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The American Church Missionary Society, at 12 o'clock noon.

The Evangelical Educational Society, at 3 o'clock P. M.

The Annual Reports will be presented, and other business transacted.

H. DYER, Secretary of the Ev. K. Society.  
WILLIAM A. NEWBOLD,  
Secretary of the A. Ch. M. Society.  
ROBERT C. MATLACK,  
Secretary of the Ev. Ed. Society.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the New Haven County Convocation (Conn.) will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, October 24th and 25th, in St. John's church, Waterbury. The first meeting for business and the discussions will be at 2 P. M. on Wednesday. The Rev. Mr. Gray reads the text. The text for exegesis is I. Corinthians xv. 28. The missionary meeting is held in the evening. The Rev. Messrs. Davis, Widemer, Harriman, Raftery, Fitzgerald, and Thorne are the speakers. The closing services is on Thursday morning. The Rev. Dr. Olmstead is the preacher.

#### NOTICE.

Clergymen having made any change of address since the publication of the Convention Journals for this year will oblige the Editor of WHITTAKER'S CHURCHMAN'S ALMANAC by sending a notice of the same to

T. WHITTAKER, Publisher,  
1, 2, and 3 Bible House, New York.

THE CONVOCATION OF NASHVILLE will meet in Grace chapel, Spring Hill, on Wednesday, the 23d, instead of Wednesday, the 9th of October, the present state of anxiety and depression rendering it inexpedient for the clergy to absent themselves from their respective cures. P. A. FITTS, Dean.

### THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need \$3,000 in the month of September. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, Corresponding Sec'y., 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" published hereafter will appear under the full signature of the writer.

CHARLES CARROLL PARSONS—  
PRIEST.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

"Death aimed high," says the *Memphis Avalanche*, "when he struck down C. C. Parsons, the rector of Grace church. Yet the mark was fair and near, and bared for the blow." "He gave his life a sacrifice for the men he had met as foes on the battle-field, and the annals of Christendom have no nobler and holier record than his." So speaks the *St. Louis Journal* of one who has just laid down his life for the brethren.

I do not propose to sing his praises here. I simply ask if we cannot perpetuate the memory of this faithful priest—so faithful, and so brave, in the midst of those fearful scenes which were common to the city of Memphis in September last, and at a time, too, when his beloved fellow-laborer in the ministry of the Word and sacraments (the dean of St. Mary's) was prostrated with fever, and not then likely to recover?

"While brooding on the dear one dead,  
And all he said of things divine,"

I would propose, Mr. Editor, that a subscription list be opened, by which, I believe, a sum of \$5,000 could be raised, to endow a scholarship at the University of the South, to be known as the "Charles Carroll Parsons Scholarship." Some one could then always be in training for the ministry. I think the required sum could easily be raised. Would the Bishop of Tennessee take up the matter? Mr. Parsons was especially dear to his bishop, who brought him into the Church and ministry. I would gladly make my subscription to the fund. A. TODHUNTER.

San Francisco, October 2d, 1878.

## THE SANCTUS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The rubric in our American Prayer Book, before the *Sanctus*, says: "Here shall follow the proper preface, etc., or else immediately shall be said or sung by the priest and people, Therefore, etc."

The question arises, Are priest and people to say all, from "Therefore," together, or is the priest to say part alone? The American use is so varied that it fails to answer the question. In some churches "Therefore," etc., up to "Holy," is sung by a soprano voice in an organ-loft, the rest of the choir coming in at "Holy," etc., and if the priest be not a singing man he says nothing, thereby violating the rubric.

In a case like this, the only satisfactory way to answer the question is to go back to the English Prayer Book and the use at the time of its adoption.

In the English Prayer Book we have: "Here shall follow the proper preface, etc., or else immediately shall follow, Therefore, etc." After the proper prefaces comes this: "After each of which prefaces shall immediately be sung or said, Therefore, etc." This does not settle the question as to where the people are to begin to say or sing, but the universal use at the time does. In the earlier books the *Sanctus* was printed by itself and separated from what goes before by ¶, and in all music for the sacred office the *Sanctus* alone is set as chorus. A very slight examination of the words will convince any one that this was the evident intention of the framers of the Liturgy, for all before "Holy," etc., is plainly declamatory of the praise about to be offered, the priest very properly saying it, the choir and people bursting in with "Holy, holy, holy," the angels' song, which is the real act of praise,

Blunt, in the "Annotated Prayer Book," says: "It is very remarkable that in all the ancient liturgies, both of the East and West, the saying of the *Sanctus* is given to the choir and people. The celebrant having recited the preface or introductory part of this great act of eucharistic thanksgiving, the 'Triumphal Hymn' itself, as the Liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom call it, is taken up by the whole body of worshippers, who, as kings and priests unto God, join in that act of solemn adoration to the ever blessed Trinity. To mark this Catholic custom, the *Sanctus* itself ought to be printed as a separated paragraph, and so it was printed in 1549 and 1552."

The American rubric is plainly a combination of the two English rubrics, and its meaning can only be settled by Catholic usage. We surely cannot for a moment suppose that our compilers wished, by the rubric, to instruct the people, in the face of universal use before and since the Reformation, to burst in with their chorus in the middle of the declaration which the priest is making; and yet at all special services one may hear even clergymen breaking in upon the celebrant in the middle of his preface, sometimes in spite of an organ accompaniment. "Let the ancient customs prevail." J. W. SHACKELFORD.

## BAPTIZING FOR THE DEAD.

ὑπὲρ τῶν νεκρῶν.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

As this difficult passage is now under discussion in your columns, permit me to offer the interpretation which, though existing, so far as I know, in none of the commentaries, has long satisfied my mind.

The apostle, throughout this eloquent argument, is insisting on the new life of the believer in Christ, and uses the metaphor of the seed sown, the body of which must perish before the germ can put forth; and the baptism with water seems to symbolize to his mind the baptism with the Holy Spirit, because of the virtue which resides in "the scent of water" for the germination of the seed. Quickening, not cleansing, is the essence of the type.

Now, in the vigor of his argument, the apostle looks upon the perishable bodies of men as already νεκροί, dead, and the unanswerable question comes then with mighty force: "What shall they do that are baptized upon their natural bodies, virtually dead, if these dead are not to rise at all? Why, even, are they baptized upon them?" With this view, it seems to me, the whole of the rest of the weighty strain of thought is in keeping, where he says: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," etc.

In support of this interpretation, on grammatical grounds, I would remind the scholar that the primary meaning of ὑπὲρ with the genitive is "over," "above," as is the case with the Latin *super* with the accusative; this is its force when the thought concerns physical objects. As to the meaning which I have fixed upon νεκρῶν, not dead persons, but dead bodies, used with strong rhetorical emphasis for bodies doomed to die, I appeal to scholars familiar with the great masters of Greek literature, especially referring them to the "Antigone" of Sophocles for confirmation of my assertion that νεκρός in its various forms is there used as frequently in the sense of corpse, dead body, as it is in the sense of "the dead," meaning the being bereft of life.

Does not this solution of the difficulty also throw light on the phrase "buried in baptism," of which the Baptists make so much? For, if the thought in the mind of the sacred writer is of seed to which the water trickles, quickening the germ within the decaying body, is there anything more meant by "burial in baptism" than is implied in the analogue of the perished seed, buried not in the water, but in earth, to which the "scent of water"

brings new life. The burial being a foredoomed fact, but the baptism a free act of grace received as a rescue from doom.

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

Brunswick, Ga.

## ARE THESE TRUE QUOTATIONS?

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In the "Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth," by Wm. Cooke Taylor, of Trinity College, Dublin, I find two quotations I should like verified. The author has such a punning, jocose style of writing, that I hardly know when he is jesting and when in earnest, although the book has much valuable information. He says:

"Archbishop Cranmer not only vindicated the devil's credit, as an inventor of crafts, but very liberally conceded to him adverse possession of the souls of all unbaptized infants. In the form of baptism in the liturgy, 2, Edward VI., we find it thus ordered: Then let the priest, looking upon the children, say: 'I command thee, unclean spirit, in the name of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that thou come out and depart from these infants whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath vouchsafed to call to His holy baptism, and hath made members of His body and His holy congregation; therefore thou cursed spirit, remember thy judgment, remember the day to be at hand wherein thou shalt burn in fire everlasting, prepared for thee and thy angels; and presume not hereafter to exercise any tyranny towards these infants, whom Christ hath baptized with His precious blood, and by this, His holy baptism, called to be of His flock.' Again, our author saith: "In Archbishop Cranmer's 'Articles of Visitation' are these words: 'Item, you shall inquire whether you know of any that use charms, sorcery, enchantments, witchcraft, soothsaying, or any like craft invented by the devil.'"

I ask, Mr. Editor, for information, seriously, and beg your theological readers to reply (if so disposed) concisely, and without giving me a clerical philippic or any godly advice (for these I look to my bishop only) for asking a question in ecclesiastical history.

CHAS. H. GARDINER.

Bridgehampton, L. I.

UNLEAVENED BREAD IN THE HOLY  
COMMUNION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Why is it more wicked to use unleavened bread (wafers) in the ministration of the Holy Communion, than to have to go along the rail when the communicants are gone, and gather up the crumbs, or leave them to the church-mice? JOHN VAUGHAN LEWIS.

Washington, D. C., October 7th, 1878.

## NEW BOOKS.

LITERARY ESSAYS. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D., Roosevelt Professor of Systematic Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 365. Price \$2 50.

Comparatively few of the papers collected out of the various periodicals where they were first published, and put forth anew in book form, really deserve any extended notice. They are generally prepared in response to a temporary interest, and are at best but side ripples in the course of literature. Some chance of history or a fickle gust of social excitement gives them birth, and when that passes by it is but fit and natural that they should also disappear from the public mind. And this is their usual fate, even though their fond or ambitious authors attempt to prolong their life by clothing them with book-covers, giving them a name, and sending them out into the world.

It is astonishing to think how much of our modern literature is ephemeral, how much of



the productive literary power of the age in which we are living practically runs to waste, so far as permanent results are concerned. Millions of pens and thousands of presses are running night and day, preparing and printing what the world, or some portion of it, will read to either approve or condemn, and then to forget.

But this oblivion into which so much of our thought-product speedily falls is, on the whole, a blessing. It would be fatal if the standard literature of any country should become a receptacle for everything offered. It ought to be what, in the long run, it is, namely, a museum where only the choicest and richest specimens are preserved, a garden from which the weeds and all plants not fair and wholesome are relentlessly plucked.

We have been led into this general meditation by the impression left upon our minds after reading the essays by Prof. Shedd, contained in the present volume. Here is something deserving a permanent place in the realm of reading. We have taken occasion, heretofore, to criticise some of his theological productions. We venture to say that the thoughts underlying two or three of these eleven collected papers will live much longer than any of his published "Sermons to the Natural Man." The world will grow towards these ideas. It will fall away from many of his doctrinal ideas.

We wish to notice especially, commending it at the same time to the careful study of every one, the essay on "The Influence and Method of English Studies," reprinted from the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of April, 1856. Setting aside the single historical and philological slip which the author makes on page 48, by saying that "the Celtic lies at the bottom" of our language; that the Anglo-Saxon was grafted into this living and solid root; we can, without hesitation, say that it is one of the most profound and thoughtful and scholarly productions on this subject that we have ever read. It is a wonderfully rich mine of truth. It shows how the influence of English literature—a literature in its spirit Christian and Catholic from the beginning until now—has converted him into a worshipper of whatsoever is true and noble and worthy of reverence.

Equally remarkable as a philosophical essay and a piece of metaphysical analysis is the address delivered at Amherst College on "The True Nature of the Beautiful, and its Relation to Culture," in which it is shown that beauty depends on truth, and must be considered as subordinate to it.

Another essay worthy of many a reading is "The Ethical Theory of Rhetoric and Eloquence." Scarcely less valuable is the one following, and having for its title "The Characteristics and Importance of a Natural Rhetoric." It is refreshing in these days of superficial explanations, and of rules that have no roots, but are simply lifeless posts and sticks set up as landmarks, to find a writer who deals with principles, who goes down to the source of things, and shows where the springs of science and art lie.

The other essays are "The Relation of Language and Style to Thought," "Scientific and Popular Education," "Intellectual Temperance," "The Puritan Character," "The African Nature," "Coleridge as a Philosopher and Theologian," and "The Confessions of St. Augustine."

These papers cover a wide range of subjects, but there is running through nearly all of them a marked unity. They are an attempt to recall the age from laxity of thinking to a recognition of the importance of sterner methods. The alarming decay of morals which has taken place among us for the last quarter of a century is the outgrowth of easy theories of truth and of education. The world has grown self-indulgent in the way of beliefs, and it is not strange that indulgence in action is now showing its passionate and reckless power.

We commend Prof. Shedd's volume to the attention of all. We might not agree with all his assertions; his estimate of the Puritans, and of St. Augustine may differ somewhat from ours, yet in every instance we respect the genuineness of his convictions, and, on the whole, he represents a school the tendency of which is always in the right direction. And whatever he says is worth meditating upon, and, with very few exceptions, his words are such as our age cannot forget without peril.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE? An Attempt to Answer that Question in the Light of the Best Scholarship and in the most Reverent and Catholic Spirit. By J. D. Sunderland. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] 8vo, pp. 189.

We read this book without any knowledge of the theological views of the writer. Our inference was that he must be classed among unbelievers, notwithstanding the many kind and complimentary words he has to bestow upon the Bible. We regarded him as such because he denies that the Bible is inspired, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, or is in any sense an authoritative declaration of the will of God. There are several sacred books, and the Bible is one, though, our author admits, the best of them. Many of his assertions and arguments are those which are considered and answered in such old authors as Stackhouse and Bishop Horne. Others are the supposed discoveries of modern science and scholarship, which have not been overlooked by modern theological writers. There is just one thing to be said in favor of the book. It presents in a concise and readable form the present status of rationalistic infidelity, and as such the clergyman can learn from it the arguments which need to be considered when preaching before a popular audience in defence of Christianity.

We have just learned that the author is a Unitarian minister of Chicago, much esteemed in that city.

### LITERATURE.

THE sermon delivered by Dean Stanley in Trinity Church, Boston, has been published in pamphlet form by A. Williams & Co., of that city. Its subject is "The East and the West."

AMONG the contents of *Sunday Afternoon* for November will be papers entitled "How to Use the Bible," "Women in Prison," a story by Rebecca Harding Davis, and another by Rose Terry Cooke.

SHELDON & Co. will soon publish a work by Prof. J. D. Hill, of Lewisburg University, embracing brief biographies of leading American authors, such as Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Bryant, and Cooper. Prof. Hill is the author of two well-known text-books on rhetoric.

PROF. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK's elaborate articles on Socialism—viewed from the several points: socialism in general, communistic socialism, anti-communistic socialism, and Christian socialism—will be issued immediately in one volume, by A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

AMONG other of G. P. Putnam's Sons' latest announcements of Fall publications is that of a new edition of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and "Flood of Years," and also of the two poems bound in one volume, under the title of "Bryant's First and Last Poems." The two poems, as is well known, were separated by an interval of sixty years.

MR. THOMAS WHITTAKER has recently imported a small edition of Spencer's "Things New and Old, or a Storehouse of Illustrations," to which is added "A Treasury of Similes," by Robert Cawdray. This famous work is the fountain from which most of the smaller works on illustrations have received their supply.

More than 1,000 of the old divines and *literati* have contributed to it.

THE *American Church Review* for October opens with a continuation of Prof. Potter's contribution on "The Influence of Christianity on the Roman Law." The portion contained in this number relates to the law of marriage. B. F. De Costa has an instructive paper on "The Monks of the West." "The Influence of Calvin on the Church of England," by the Rev. J. F. Garrison, is a strong paper. The author shows that the sympathy between the early Anglican and the continental reformers extended very little beyond that of a common hostility to the abuses of the Roman Church. Calvin's influence in England was mainly through his relations with the exiles during the reign of Mary. "The presence in the English symbola of these dogmas, which have been attributed to him, is mainly due to the direct influence of Augustine himself." The most striking and pronounced article of all is on "Dogmatic Standards." The author, the Rev. Dr. D. R. Goodwin—whose name, by a very prominent typographical blunder, is strangely transformed into that of another man—writes, as is well known, in a style remarkably clear and logical. His reasoning is fresh and ingenious. His aim is to defend the Scriptures as the rule of faith, and the Thirty-nine Articles as the dogmatic expression of that faith. "The Holy Scripture of the Old and New Testaments—the Bible—is, and of right ought to be, the rule of faith, the dogmatic standard, the fundamental creed for all who profess to be Christians. This is the true apostolic *depositum*; I know of no other." Again, further on, the writer says: "Neither the so-called Apostles' Creed, nor any creed, has any authority antecedent to, or side by side with the apostolic teaching as handed down in Holy Scripture." Yet, antecedent to Holy Scripture, as a whole, and, in fact, to every part of the New Testament, there must have been and there was such a thing as the Faith, and it was no doubt received with authority. Apostolic teaching came long before Scripture. The fifth paper is by the Rev. Dr. Egar, and is a continuation of "Some Letters of St. Basil." The Rev. Dr. Charles Hale gives much interesting and fresh information concerning "Missions of the Church in China and Japan." The Rev. Mr. Anketell has written a "History of the Church in Bohemia and Moravia." Book notices and an ecclesiastical register—this last being a restored feature of the *Review*—complete the contents of the number. All the articles are of sterling character, and all but one are historical in their nature.

### SCIENCE.

PROF. PALEY has raised the question whether the blackness of St. Paul's cathedral, and many other English city edifices, arises, as has, hitherto been supposed, from smoke. Having observed at Cambridge stones in no wise exposed to the action of smoke similarly blackened, he learned on inquiry that, under a strong microscopic investigation of scrapings from such stones, the darkness had been conclusively proved to be due to a kind of lichen, which is peculiar to sandstone, and that it is always in proportion to the absence of the sun's rays, and that when a stone is much exposed to such rays there is no darkness. Having examined a curious lichen which grows in circular patches on Peterborough cathedral, he found that it had the property of extracting quantities of lime from the texture of the stone. The professor



thinks that science may probably suggest a course to neutralize this vegetable blackening process. But science and authority hand in hand ought to go further and quash the smoke of towns, which is waste of fuel, working an annual outlay of millions in consequent washing and cleaning.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Nature* describes how the use of an opera-glass once "explained" a supposed sea-serpent. He says: One morning in October, 1869, I was standing amid a small group of passengers on the deck of the ill-fated Pacific and Oriental steamship "Rangoon," then steaming up the Straits of Malacca to Singapore. We were just within sight of the coast of Malacca, and quite out of sight, so far as I remember, of Sumatra. One of the party suddenly pointed out an object on the port bow, perhaps half a mile off, and drew from us the simultaneous exclamation of "The sea-serpent!" And there it was, to the naked eye, a genuine serpent, speeding through the sea, with its head raised on a slender curved neck, now almost buried in the water, and anon reared just above its surface. There was the mane, and there were the well-known undulating coils stretching yards behind. But for an opera-glass, probably all our party on board the "Rangoon" would have been personal witnesses to the existence of a great sea-serpent; but, alas for romance! one glance through the lenses and the reptile was resolved into a bamboo, root upwards, anchored in some manner to the bottom—a "snag," in fact. Swayed up and down by the rapid current, a series of waves undulated beyond it, bearing on their crests dark-colored weeds or grass that had been caught by the bamboo stem.

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The morning sun rode high  
Above the eastern hills, wilting the flowers  
And hushing every bird-note. To the groves  
The tiny songsters flew for shade and comfort.  
The bright green leaves looked languid on the  
boughs,  
And seemed to stretch out yearningly to catch  
A cooling zephyr.

O'er the well-trod road  
From Bethany the Saviour's weary feet  
Were passing slowly with His chosen twelve.  
Although the day was well advanced, and noon  
Drew near, no food at all had passed His lips:  
And now a hungry faintness seized His frame.  
With wistful eyes He looked around, and saw  
A fig-tree standing near, all beautiful,  
In a rich dress of green. Thither He went,  
To eat the fruit so fine a tree should bear;  
But, lo! the tree was barren! Not a fig  
Had she with which to feed, refresh, and cheer  
The hungry Master and His weary friends.  
Fixing His eyes upon those loaded boughs,  
Where leaves alone were seen, the Saviour spoke  
These words of deep reproach:

"Let no fruit grow  
On thee, henceforth, forever!"

Then the tree  
Began to wither. By another dawn  
A leafless, gaunt, and dead old trunk  
Stood by the wayside, as an emblem fit  
Of His displeasure.

The question often comes, Why was it so  
That Jesus hungered in a world so fair—  
Where fields abound with grain, where rich  
fruits grow

To full luxuriance in the open air?  
When, faint and hungry, He that fig-tree  
sought,

Why was it all for naught?

"Foxes had holes; each bird had its own nest;"  
At eventide, men in their homes were found;  
Then why was Jesus with no place of rest?

Why spent He nights upon the bare, damp  
ground?

Why did He suffer? Was it God's own plan,  
To teach rebellious man?

We know this was the case. We know, to-day  
From heavenly places, He observes us all.  
We are the trees that grow beside the way;  
And He expects that fruit from each shall  
fall;

Failing to see this fruit, His Spirit grieves;  
He scorns a crop of leaves!

Yet some appear at sight all fair to see—  
They spread their branches wide, grow proud  
and tall;

Alas! on searching close, like that old tree,  
No fruit appears, so they are doomed to fall!  
Nothing but leaves the Master will not suit;  
He looks alone for fruit.

Some trees He marks, that cherish germs quite  
fair;

Yet not true germs, deceitful at the core,—  
Full of false sprouts, yet tended with great care;  
The true neglected, never thought of more:  
These flourish for a time, then fade away;  
Poor, worthless trees are they!

Lend us Thine aid, Lord, as we cumber earth;  
For while some try to bear, poor is the soil  
In which they stand: their fruit seems nothing  
worth—

It soon gets stung by sins, that near it coil.  
Stunted and dwarfed, they offer but the plea,  
"We tried to bear for Thee!"

Sometimes the things we would we cannot do!  
Strange, baffling winds, and storms, so often  
rise,  
We feel ashamed to bring our fruit to view;  
But tears have watered it, from grieving eyes.  
We know that it is poor, unlike the rest;  
But, Lord, it is our best!

We would not stand alone, arrayed in dress  
That shows us off, yet hides a worthless form;  
We would not offer seeming loveliness,  
Yet bring forth leaves alone to merit scorn!  
Then, help our weakness; let us never be  
Like cursed, barren tree.

## AT A HIGH PRICE.\*

Translated from the German of E. Werner,  
with the Author's sanction.

BY MARY STUART SMITH.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The baroness sat on the little sofa in her  
sitting-room, turning over the leaves of a  
fashion journal. In the course of the next  
few days a grand entertainment was to be  
given at the governor's mansion; the highly  
important question of dress awaited their de-  
cision, and mother and daughter gave them-  
selves with the greatest diligence to a study  
they found so interesting.

"Mamma," said Gabrielle, who was sitting  
at her mother's side, and likewise held some  
fashion-plates in her hand, "Uncle Arno de-  
clared yesterday that these great parties were  
a burdensome duty imposed upon him by his  
station. He does not find the least satisfac-  
tion in them."

The baroness shrugged her shoulders.

"He finds satisfaction in nothing but work.  
I never saw a man enjoy rest and recreation  
as little as my brother-in-law."

"Rest!" repeated Gabrielle; "as if he  
knew or cared for such a thing as rest! By  
daylight he is to be found at his writing-table,  
and of an evening I have often seen his study-  
candle burning up to midnight. Sometimes  
he is in the chancery, sometimes in the bu-  
reaus; then again he rides out, takes obser-  
vations, and inspects heaven knows what sort  
of things; while in the intervals he receives  
every imaginable kind of visitor, listens to  
proposals, gives orders. I believe he actually  
does as much work as all the rest of his clerks  
put together."

"Yes, he was always of a restless nature,"  
 chimed in the baroness. "My sister often  
declared that it made her nervous just to think  
of this same ceaseless, restless activity on the  
part of her husband."

Gabrielle rested her head on her hand and  
looked thoughtfully on the ground.

"Mamma," she began again suddenly, "your  
sister's marriage must have been a right irk-  
some one."

"Irksome! How did you get such an idea?"

"Well, I just thought so from all I heard  
about it here in the castle. Uncle occupied  
the right wing, and aunt the left; often he did  
not enter her apartments for weeks at a time,  
and she never went into his; I do believe they  
did not even take their meals together. They  
kept separate carriages and attendants. Each  
walked and rode independently, without even  
asking after the other. It must have been a  
strange sort of life."

"You are mistaken," replied her mother,  
who evidently considered that there was nothing  
shocking in this mode of life; "it was a  
thoughtful, happy marriage. My sister never

\* Copyrighted.

had to complain of her husband, who grati-  
fied her every wish. Happy creature! she  
had no acquaintance with the bitter trials and  
scenes such as I had to go through with in  
those last years of my married life."

"Yes, indeed, you did quarrel very often  
with papa," said Gabrielle naively. "Uncle  
Arno, assuredly, never did that, but only did  
not concern himself at all about his wife.  
And yet he concerns himself about every possi-  
ble thing besides, even my earlier training. It  
was very ugly of him lately to say in your  
presence that he found my education very de-  
fective, that it had been very much neglected,  
and that any one could see at the first glance  
how I had been committed entirely to the care  
of nurses and governesses."

"Alas! I am used to such disregard for my  
feelings where he is concerned," declared the  
baroness with a sigh, which, however, did not  
at all interfere with her very close examina-  
tion of a dress pattern. "That I submit to;  
it is a sacrifice, my child, made wholly and  
solely for the sake of your future."

The daughter did not seem particularly  
touched by this motherly solicitude.

"I was examined just like a little school-  
girl," she continued, pouting. "He drove me  
to such straits with his cross-questioning that  
I hardly knew one thing from another, and  
then shrugged his shoulders and decreed all  
kinds of study-hours for me. Seventeen years  
old, and to take lessons still! He wants to  
have masters come to me from the town, but  
I shall just give him to know that it is not  
in the least degree needful."

Her mother looked up, shocked, from her  
fashion journal.

"For heaven's sake let that be! Already  
you are in perpetual opposition to your  
guardian, and often enough I tremble  
with fear lest your vanity and presump-  
tion should at last provoke him. Up to  
this time he has indeed stood your behavior  
with a patience incomprehensible to me, since  
he is one who has never before suffered him-  
self to be contradicted."

"I would a great deal rather see him an-  
gry for once!" exclaimed Gabrielle in an ex-  
cited tone. "I cannot stand his looking down  
upon me so smilingly from his height, as if I  
were far too insignificant a child to be able to  
vex or provoke him, and he always smiles if  
I try to. And when, besides, he does me the  
favor to kiss me on the brow, I would like  
nothing so well as to run away."

"Gabrielle, I entreat you—"

"Yes, mamma, I cannot help it. Whenever  
I come into Uncle Arno's presence I feel as if  
I must arm myself—arm myself with all my  
powers against something that goes out from  
him. I do not know what it is, but it pains  
and torments me. I cannot hold intercourse  
with him as with other people, and—I will  
not either."

Quite a decided defiance sounded in those  
last words of the young lady, who now, tak-  
ing her hat and parasol from the table, pre-  
pared to leave.

"Where are you going?" asked her  
mother.

"Only for a half-hour in the garden; it is  
too hot in these rooms."

The baroness protested, and wanted, above  
all things, to have the question of dress decid-  
ed; but Gabrielle seemed to have lost all inter-  
est in it for the present, and was, moreover,  
far too much accustomed to follow the bent of  
her own whims to pay any heed to the objec-  
tion. The next minute she hurried away.



The garden lay at the rear of the castle, whose walls bounded it on one side, while on the other it extended to the edge of the here precipitous castle-mountain. The high wall of defence which once shut it off in this direction had been torn down, and over this low parapet, encased in a close net-work of ivy, the eye looked forth unhindered into the open space beyond. The valley there opened to its full proportions, and, as seen hence, unfolded the peculiar picturesqueness of its charms; for the castle-mountain was famed far and near on account of this prospect. The garden itself still betrayed, on all sides, its former relationship to a fortress. Somewhat narrow, somewhat gloomy, and very limited in space, it had neither much sunshine nor any great show of flowers, but instead possessed another rarer attraction—magnificent old linden-trees overshadowed it, and effectually shielded the castle itself from the eyes of the curious. They looked gravely down upon the younger generation, which, having sprung up upon the former walls and fortifications, adorned the castle-mountain with their slender stems and fresh green. Verily those old giants of trees had been rooted in this soil for more than a hundred years already, and their huge trunks had withstood the shock of many a storm, while the mighty boughs which crowned their summits had twined themselves together into a solid roof of dense foliage, which only rarely permitted the passage of a sunbeam. A deep, cool shade extended over the whole enclosure, which was almost wholly devoid of flowers. Here and there solitary groups of shrubbery rose from the turf, and in the midst of them gushed forth a spring. It was a fountain in the taste of the former century, with old, half-decayed stone figures, which represented in strangely fantastic style nixies and water-sprites. Dark, damp moss covered the stone heads and arms that supported a mussel-shell, out of which sprang aloft a jet of water, that was restored to the mighty basin in the form of snowy spray and thousands of singly glistening drops. Here too a luxuriant growth of dark-green moss covered the gray stone, and gave a peculiar dull tint to the water, which was otherwise as clear as crystal. The "Nixy-spring," as it was called from the stone group which adorned it, dated from the castle's earliest days, and still played a certain part in the district round about. It was connected with some old legend which lent to the spring health-giving properties, and, in spite of the enlightenment of present times, together with the old mountain-castle having been long since converted into a modern government building, that virtue maintained itself in the superstition of the people.

On certain days of the year the people procured the water; they used it as a means of averting sickness, as well as a medicine for various sorts of ailments, to the great dissatisfaction of the governor, who had already, several times, set himself energetically against this nuisance. He had even had the castle-garden locked up, which had been previously accessible to all, and forbidden access to be granted to anybody; which prohibition, however, had had the opposite effect. The people held obstinately to their superstition, and clamored only so much the more eagerly for its object. The servants of the castle were bribed—sometimes with entreaties, sometimes with presents—to allow to be done in secret what they durst

not openly permit; and the water of the castle-spring, afterwards as well as before, was considered as efficacious a restorative as any consecrated water, although it obviously stood under the protection of the heathen naiads.

Gabrielle, too, had heard of these things through the baron himself, who had often expressed himself on the subject with vehement indignation; and it was very likely the continual opposition to her guardian, so dreaded by her mother, which determined the young lady to select precisely this as her favorite place of resort. To-day she had also sought it, but neither the Nixy-fountain itself, nor the extensive prospect opening to her view on the opposite side of the garden, had power to unchain her attention.

Gabrielle was in ill-humor, and she had every reason to be so. After the perfect freedom which she had enjoyed at Z— she could not at all reconcile herself to the strict forms of the Raven household; so much the less as these forms rendered impossible the hoped-for frequent interviews with George Winterfeld. The young couple were almost completely separated at R—, and were obliged to content themselves with an accidental meeting in the presence of witnesses, a passing glimpse from the distance, or a stolen salutation sent up by George to the windows. He had indeed attempted an approach by paying the ladies a short visit, which was justified by their previous acquaintance. The baroness would have had no objection either to receiving frequent visits from the amiable young man here as well; but Raven gave his sister-in-law a very plain hint that he wished to have no friendship formed between the ladies of his house and one of his young clerks, who had no claim whatever to such a distinction. In consequence of this the visit was received, but no invitation following to repeat it, the attempt was frustrated.

It was, indeed, with more impatience than pain that Gabrielle submitted to the restraints which environed her here on all sides. Since the baron sentenced her so decidedly to play the part of a child, she greatly missed George's tender and yet passionate homage, which, at an earlier period, she had accepted as a matter of course. He did not find her education "defective and neglected"; he did not catechise her, and recommend lesson-hours, like her guardian, who had no idea at all of how to treat properly young ladies of her age. To George she was the idol of his heart, the beau-ideal of his imagination, and he felt blessed by the slightest token of recognition which she deigned to bestow from a distance. In spite of this, however, she was angry with him also. Why did he not try more energetically to break down the barriers which parted them from one another? Why did he keep himself at such a reverential distance? Why did he not at least write to her? The young girl was by far too childish and inexperienced to appreciate the tender respect with which George avoided casting the slightest shadow over her pathway, still less the patience with which he submitted to the pain of separation rather than undertake anything that could compromise her reputation.

"Well, Gabrielle, are you trying to fathom the secrets of the Nixy-fountain?" said a voice, suddenly. She turned quickly around. Baron von Raven stood before her. He must have stepped out of the shrubbery. Surely it was a rare occurrence for him to enter the garden. He lacked the time, as well as disposition, for

taking solitary strolls. To-day, however, something particular must have drawn him hither, for he walked straight up to the fountain, and began to consider it attentively from all sides.

"Why, Uncle Arno, you ought to be more familiar with those secrets than I," replied Gabrielle laughingly. "I am still a stranger here, and you have been living a long while in the castle."

"Do you think that I have time to trouble myself about children's tales?"

The contemptuous tone of the words involuntarily provoked the young lady.

"Did you never like children's tales?" asked she; "not even when a boy?"

"Not even when a boy! Even then I had something better to think about."

Gabrielle looked up at him; that proud, stern face, with its expression of gloomy seriousness, did not indeed look as if it had ever known or loved the poetical legends of childhood.

"Nevertheless, my visit to-day is to the Nixy-fountain," he continued. "I have given orders to have it pulled down and the spring choked up, but wanted, beforehand, to satisfy myself as to whether the appearance of the grounds would be injured, and whether precautionary measures would have to be taken on that account."

Shocked and excited, Gabrielle gave a start.

"The fountain must be destroyed, you say! Why so?"

"Because I am tired of the nuisance which it entails. That ridiculous superstition is not to be extirpated. In spite of my stern prohibition the water is perpetually being drawn in secret from the fountain, and new strength consequently continually added to the folly. It is high time that an end were put to the whole affair, and this can only be done by removing the object to which the superstition attaches itself. I am sorry that an old curiosity of the castle must fall a sacrifice to this; but, nevertheless—fall it must!"

"But then the garden will be robbed of its fairest ornament!" cried Gabrielle. "It was just the splashing and murmuring of the fountain in this solitude that gave to it its highest attraction. And must that clear bright water be forever shut up in the dark, dark earth? It is abominable, Uncle Arno; I'll not suffer it!"

Raven, who was still occupied with his survey of the fountain, slowly turned his head towards her.

"You will not suffer it, eh?" asked he, fixing a sharp gaze upon her, but not that threatening, commanding look with which he was accustomed to quench opposition to his will. Even a slight smile was faintly discernible upon his features. "Then, indeed, nothing will be left but to recall my order; it would assuredly be the first time that such a thing had happened. Do you actually believe, child, that I would sacrifice one of my enterprises to your romantic ideas?"

There again was that smile of superiority, half mocking, half compassionate, which was forever reducing Gabrielle to despair; nor was its effect diminished by his use of the expression "child." Feeling that a deep wound had been inflicted upon her dignity as a young lady of seventeen, she preferred not answering at all, and contented herself with casting upon her guardian a most indignant look.

"Why, you look as if the taking away of the fountain were a personal insult to yourself," said the baron. "It really seems



to me as if you still have all a child's respect for its nurse's tales, and are, in all seriousness, afraid of the ghost-like nixy-folk."

"I wish the nixies would take vengeance for that jeer, and for the destruction threatened!" cried Gabrielle in a tone meant to be petulant, but which sounded very angry. "Their vengeance would not touch *me*, though."

"But me, do you think?" added Raven sarcastically. "Be easy, child! save such threats for natures given to poetry and moonshine. In vain would the nixies vent their spleen upon such a one as I."

They stood immediately on the brink of the fountain, the water pouring and purling monotonously down from the mussel-shell; but suddenly a puff of wind gave another direction to the jet. It spurted sideways; a sparkling shower of rain-drops sprinkled at the same time both the baron and Gabrielle. She jumped back with a little scream. Raven calmly stood his ground.

"That struck us both," said he. "Your nixies seem to be of a very impartial nature. They stretch out their naked arms to friend and foe alike."

The young lady had fled to the bench, and was wiping the drops off her dress with her pocket-handkerchief. The jibe vexed her indescribably, and yet she knew not what retort to make. With anybody else she would have entered into the joke, and would have made sport out of the accident; here she *could* not. The baron's jesting was always sarcasm; his smile never included a trace of cheerfulness, and it was irony in the highest degree which for the instant dislodged the accustomed gravity from his features. With a quick movement he shook off the drops which had bespattered him, and likewise stepped back to the bench, while he continued:

"It grieves me to deprive you of your favorite retreat, but sentence has been pronounced upon the fountain once and for all. You will have to reconcile yourself to it as best you may."

Gabrielle threw one look upon the fountain, whose dreamy murmuring had had a mysterious charm for her from the first day she had heard it, and was struggling hard with her tears, when she answered:

"Yes; I know you never ask whether your orders are to cost sorrow to some one else, and that it is perfectly useless to plead with you. You never listen to an entreaty."

Raven quietly folded his arms.

"Ah, indeed! Have you learned that already?"

"Yes; and nobody does ask you for anything. They are all afraid of you—the servants, your clerks, mamma even. I alone—"

"You are not afraid, then?"

"No!"

The word had a defiant and resolute sound as it came from the young lady's lips. She seemed to be again in warlike mood, and firmly resolved to provoke the dreaded guardian, but in vain; he retained a perfect composure, and seemed to regard the spirit of opposition in his ward as amusing rather than offensive.

"It is fortunate that your mother is not present. She would be ready to faint with horror at the stubbornness which will not yield to necessity, as she does, with great self-denial."

"Oh, yes; mamma is submission itself to you!" cried Gabrielle, her excitement ever in-

creasing; "and she expects the same of me too. But I will not play the hypocrite, and cannot love you, Uncle Arno, for you are not good to us, and never have been! Your very first reception of us was so humiliating that I would have liked to set off again immediately; and since then you have made us feel daily and hourly that we are dependent upon you. You treat my mamma with a want of respect that often drives the blood to my cheek. You speak in a contemptuous manner of my papa—of him who is dead and cannot defend himself; and you treat me like a plaything, with whom it is not worth while to be serious. You have given us a home, and we live in your castle, where everything is richer and much more splendid than in my parents' house; but still I would much rather be in our Swiss exile, as mamma calls it, in our little cottage by the lake, where everything was so simple and modest, where we hardly had the necessities of life, but where we were free from you and your tyranny. Mamma wants me to bear it patiently, because you are rich, and my future prospects depend upon you. But I do not want your fortune; I do not ask to be made your heiress. I would like to get away from here—the sooner the better!"

She had sprung to her feet, and now stood before him in passionate excitement, her little foot energetically advanced, her head thrown back, her eyes full of tears of rage and bitterness; but there was far more in this stormy outbreak than the mere defiance of a wilful child. Each word betrayed the deepest, truest mortification, and there was only too much that was true in the accusation she so boldly hurled against her guardian to his very face.

Raven had interrupted her by not a single syllable; he gazed at her steadily, and when now she was silent and pressed her hands against her heaving breast, while a stream of tears gushed from her eyes, he suddenly stooped down to her and said with deep earnestness: "Do not weep, Gabrielle. To you at least I have done no wrong."

Gabrielle's tears were checked; now, for the first time, when reflection came, the utter rashness of her speech became clear to her. She had certainly expected an outburst of anger; and now, instead, this incomprehensible calmness. Grown dumb, almost shyly, her eyes sought the ground.

"So you do not want my fortune?" continued the baron. "What do you know about whom I intend to make my heir? I never communicated with you on the subject, and yet it seems to have been the theme of very lively debates between yourself and your mother."

The maiden turned crimson.

"I do not know— We have never—"

"Hush, child, do not try to lie," interposed Raven. "So far you know as little of falsehood as calculation, else you would never have braved me thus. I am not angry with you on that account; frowardness I can pardon; systematic calculation and hypocrisy I never could have pardoned in one of your age. God be thanked, your education has not spoiled you to the degree that I feared."

He took her hand as quietly as though nothing had happened, drew her down to the bench, and seated himself at her side. Gabrielle made an effort to draw away.

"Why, you will surely allow me to reply in due form to your declaration of war?" said the baron. "Your mother, indeed, will not second it, at least not in such open fashion.

She has, at all events, taught you to show greater amiability towards the 'upstart.'"

"What do you mean?" asked the maiden, puzzled.

"Why, it is impossible that you do not understand. I know this much, that it was the especial designation allotted me in your parents' house."

This time Gabrielle bravely sustained the sharp look fixed upon her face.

"I know my parents did not love you," she replied; "but you too, at all times, acted as their enemy."

"I theirs? or they mine? But it comes to the same thing at last. There are things of which you cannot yet judge, Gabrielle. You have no idea of what it is for a person in the station of life which was then mine, to enter a highly aristocratic family and move in their sphere of society. I never had but one friend there, viz., your grandfather; I had to force a place for myself with all the others, and there were only two ways of doing this: either to stoop patiently to all the humiliations which are heaped upon the head of the upstart, show one's self deeply penetrated by the honor vouchsafed, and be satisfied with being tolerated—for this course *my* nature was not suited. The alternative is to usurp the chief place in society, let them feel that there is another power than their family trees, and set one's foot, at every opportunity, on the neck of their pretension and privileges; then *they* learn to stoop. It is in general much easier to subdue men than people believe; it is only necessary to know how to impose upon them; in that lies the whole secret of success."

Gabrielle gently shook her head.

"Those are hard maxims."

"They are the experiences of the thirty years by which I have the advantage of you. Think you that I too have not had my fancies, my dreams, and my enthusiasm? Think you that here too the fires of youth have not flamed up in fullest intensity? But an end is put to this, as one advances in life. In a career such as mine, I could not cumber myself with dreams. They cling fast to the ground, and I wanted to mount, and did mount. I have indeed paid a high price for it, too high perhaps—nevertheless I gained my goal."

"And has it made you happy?" The question came almost involuntarily from the young maiden's lips.

Raven shrugged his shoulders.

"Happy! Life is a battle, not happiness. You overthrow your adversary, or are overthrown; there is no third line of conduct. You, of course, see all this, yet awhile, with far different eyes. To you life is still a Summer day, like the shining landscape there before our eyes. You still believe that there in yon glimmering distance, behind those blue mountains, lies a whole Eden of joy and bliss. You are deceived, child. The golden sun shines upon an infinitude of grief and wretchedness, and behind those blue mountains too is nothing more than the wearisome road from the cradle to the grave, which we still enliven with so much hatred and strife. Life is only for this, to be conquered anew each day; and men—only to be despised."

An indescribable hardness and acerbity lurked in these words, but, besides, all the decision of the man who expresses a settled conviction. The deep bitterness, to be sure, which pervaded them, escaped the young maiden, who listened, half troubled and half angry.



"But the time comes at last when one is disgusted with this perpetual warfare," continued Raven; "when one asks himself the question whether the once dreamed of height was worth staking one's all upon; when one reckons up the sum of all this restless struggling and striving, all this success, and is heartily tired of the whole game. I am often tired—right tired."

He leaned back and looked out into the distance. Painfully gloomy was that look, and the deep weariness of which he spoke betrayed itself also in his voice. Gabrielle kept silence, in the highest degree moved by the deeply serious turn which the conversation had taken, leading her, as it did, into wholly unfamiliar paths. She had hitherto known only the rigid, inaccessible man, with his cool composure and his tone of command. Even his behavior to herself had never been aught but condescension to a child's circle of ideas; he had never spoken to her but in that half kindly, half mocking manner in which he had begun his talk with her to-day. For the first time this nature—else held so strictly under lock and key—had revealed itself in a moment of self-forgetfulness. Gabrielle saw into a depth which she had not suspected to exist, and which was open indeed to no other, but she felt instinctively that she durst not approach too near, and durst not call up what was stirring there below.

There followed a long pause. Both looked silently out into the broad landscape, which lay before them in the burning light of one of the last days of August. The Summer seemed, just before its departure, to be once more pouring forth upon the earth all of its glowing heat and splendor. The brightest sunshine flooded the antiquated town, which, with its houses and towers, spread itself out at the foot of the castle-mountain; it rested upon all the meadows and fields, upon all the districts visible to the eye, some near at hand, others far away, and flashed in the waves of the river which wound through the valley in mighty curves. Round about circled the hills like a wreath, sometimes in softly undulating lines, again starting up in bold and jagged forms, dotted with green pastures and dark forests, out of which shone forth conspicuously here and there a little white pilgrim church, or rose up a gray old mountain fortress. Quite in the distance, lost in blue vapor, stretched the lofty chain of mountains, that furnished, as it were, a sublime background to the noble picture, and over the whole smiled a deep blue sky, and hovered a golden mist, which seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere. It was one of those days when all seems bathed in light and glory—all flooded by it, as if there were nothing else in the whole wide world but sunshine, and sunshine only.

There could be no sharper contrast than that presented by this sunny landscape, and the deep, cool shade of the castle-garden, with its dusky solitude. The gigantic crowns of the linden-trees, with their closely interlocked boughs, shrouded the whole place in almost twilight gloom; and under the tree-tops the fountain murmured monotonously. In a perpetual exchange, the clear column of water sprang aloft to fall down again, subdivided a thousandfold. Now and then, when a stray sunbeam touched the falling drops, it made them flash and sparkle with the brilliancy of diamonds, to be extinguished, however, the very next moment.

All again lay in the cool shade, and through their cloudy, watery veil the gray shapes of the nixies looked spectre-like, with their long hair and stony heads.

The still, sultry hour of midday seemed to rock everything into a dreamy state of repose; not a bird fluttered; not a leaf stirred; only the Nixy-fountain roared mysteriously through the deep quiet that prevailed. It was the voice of the spring which had been rippling here from time immemorial on the castle-mountain; and for more than a century, in this stone garb into which it had been forced, it had been the true comrade of the castle-garden. It, too, had witnessed those stormy times which the old mountain fortress had taken part in, that stood originally on the site of the castle—times of wild deeds of violence, full of battle and strife, full of victory and defeat; and then, again, years of pomp and splendor, when the sovereign made this his princely residence. Great events had happened in the world—generations had come and gone, until at last came the present, which had given to everything a different shape. To everything? Yes, but not to the spring on the castle-mountain, about which legend and superstition had built up a sacred wall of defence. But now its time, too, had come; the old stone images, which had so long protectingly encircled it, were to fall, and it was itself to go down out of the bright daylight into the dark earth, to stay there in perpetual banishment.

Whether it were complaints or memories which the spring was whispering, its dreamy splashing exercised a mysterious influence over the stern, severe man, who knew naught of solitary dreams and their poetry, as well as over the blooming young maiden at his side; who had hitherto flitted through life, laughing and sporting, without even a thought of its seriousness. It resolved all that struggling and striving, all those merry, childish dreams, into one single enigmatical feeling, which spun about the two its charm, half sweet and half uneasy. Under this monotonous and still so melodious rippling and roaring the world outside retired, with its glimmering distance and golden sunshine, farther and farther back, and finally sank away altogether. Then it enfolded the two left behind, like sombre shade, like cool showers of spray, and they were drawn away, far away, into obscure depths which were full of mystery, where no sound of life penetrated any more, where all striving and longing, all joy and woe, died away in the deep, deep dream, and in the midst of the dream they heard again the low, weird chant of the spring, which sounded down to them as from an infinite distance.

In the town below the bells began to ring the hour of noon. Their soft, clear tones floated up to the castle-mountain, and before that sound was dissolved the strange spell woven by the enchantment of that roaring water, Raven looked up, as if unpleasantly aroused, while Gabrielle started up suddenly, and, with a movement which almost resembled flight, stepped to the low ivy-wreathed wall of the parapet in order to lean over and listen to the ringing of the bells. They came from afar, wafted through the still air, just as they had that time on the shore of the lake when, with George she —. Gabrielle did not complete the thought. Why did George's name force itself upon her memory with a sting of a reproach? Why did his image stand so plainly before her as though it would guard and maintain its rights? Formerly,

when she had taken leave of him with laughter and jesting, the ringing of the bells had had no voice for her; now, at the recollection, sharply and painfully it thrilled her through and through, like a warning, not to allow herself to be again drawn away from the golden sunlight into unknown depths,—like a warning against some darkly threatened danger which was drawing its toils about her. In describable fear oppressed her spirit.

The baron had likewise risen and now approached her.

"You regularly took to flight," said he slowly. "From what? From me perhaps?"

Gabrielle made an effort to overcome her fearfulness with a smile, as she replied:

"From the roaring of the Nixy-fountain; it has such a ghostly sound in the stillness of the noon-day hour."

"And yet you have just selected it as your favorite spot?"

"It has been that for the longest time. So soon as to-morrow morning, perhaps, it will have been changed by your orders into a confused chaos of earth and stone, and——"

"And I do not ask whether my orders grieve you," said Raven, finishing out her sentence, when she ceased to speak. "That may be; but—do you actually like the spring so much, Gabrielle? Would it grieve you, in earnest, to see it destroyed?"

"Yes," said Gabrielle softly, looking up; and although her mouth framed no entreaty, her eyes, in which tears were glistening, pleaded fervently and eloquently for the threatened spring.

Raven was silent and turned away; for the space of a few minutes he stood speechless at her side, and then began anew:

"I frightened you just now with my harsh and bitter views of life. But who says that you must share them? I forgot that young people have a right to dream, and that it is cruel to rob them of their privilege. Go on believing in the golden brightness of the distant future, and the promises of you blue mountains. You may yet trust the world and mankind, and you will hardly ever experience their hatred."

His voice had a peculiarly soft and subdued sound, while from the glance which rested so mournfully on the young maiden had vanished all hardness and severity; but Arno Raven was not long accessible to such emotions, and it seemed, too, as though he were not to be allowed to yield to them, for, just now, steps were heard behind them, and as they turned around the castellan of the castle entered the garden accompanied by an elderly man, evidently belonging to the class of mechanics. Both stood still when they perceived the governor, and bowed reverentially.

Raven had quickly shaken off his unwonted tenderness of mood.

"What is the matter?" asked he, once more quite in the short dictatorial manner proper to him.

"Your excellency has sent orders that the Nixy-fountain be pulled down and the spring filled up," the mechanic made bold to reply. "It was to be done this very day; my people will be here in a half hour. I only would like to see in advance if the work will cost much time and labor."

The baron looked first at the fountain, then at Gabrielle, who was still standing by his side; there was a hardly perceptible delay, lasting not over a second.

"Send back your men!" he then commanded. "The work is no longer needful."



"What does your excellency mean?" asked the astonished workman.

"The taking away of the fountain would injure the garden; it stays as it is. I shall make different dispositions."

A wave of the hand dismissed the two men. They, of course, ventured no opposition, but wonder was plainly depicted upon their countenances when they left the garden. It was the first time that an order of the governor, given with such great decision, had been countermanded.

Raven had gone to the brink of the fountain, and stood watching its showers of falling drops. Gabrielle still remained leaning over the parapet; now she came slowly, hesitatingly near, and then, all of a sudden, held out both hands to him.

"I thank you."

He smiled; but not with his accustomed sarcasm. This time his features were lighted up, as by sunshine, when he grasped her proffered hand, and with his own left one softly lifted up Gabrielle's head, in order to imprint a kiss upon her brow. This was not at all an unusual thing. He was constantly used to doing so when she gave him her morning greeting at the breakfast-table, and she had hitherto received it with as much unconcern as her guardian had shown coolness and gravity in making use of his fatherly privilege. To-day, for the first time, the young maiden shrank back, and Raven felt the slight trembling of the hand he held within his own. He suddenly drew himself up, without having touched her forehead with his lips, and let fall her hand.

"You are right," said he, with feeling. "There is something ghostlike in the roaring of the Nixy fountain. Let us go!"

They turned to move away. Behind them roared and rippled the fountain, unweariedly dashing up its snow-white spray. The threatened annihilation was for the present averted; the pleading of those brown eyes, and the tears in them, had saved it; and the grave, cold man, who had long since stood at the summit of life probably felt at this instant that he too was not proof against the magic of the nixies.

(To be continued.)

#### MY DREAM.

'Twas noontide, on a sultry Summer's day,  
My weary frame o'ercome, reclining, lay  
On a low couch beneath the casement, where  
Sweet zephyrs, with rich perfume laden, came  
And softly fanned my brow, and soon  
My senses lulled. Not less soothing seemed  
The voices of my children as they played  
In the long, shaded gallery near;  
Their gleeful notes restrained, lest in their mirth  
Some sound fall rudely on "tired mother's ear."

I slept, and, sleeping, dreamed a long  
Sweet dream—a dream of blissful rest,  
Which only those may know who serve their  
Maker best.

I thought life's cares were ended, and my soul  
Was borne by angel pinions to that heavenly  
home

Which Christ, my Saviour, went to prepare;  
And that soon I should be welcomed there  
By long-mourned, loving friends who'd gone be-  
fore.

A glimpse of pearly gates, more beautiful  
Than aught my earthly eyes had seen, was  
given,

And strains of heavenly music wafted thence,  
Beyond the sweetest praise that here I knew.

Yet ere the shining portals oped, and I  
Might view that land of love and light and  
purity—

That ere I sought loved faces there—I thought

I first would turn and look, with love  
And comfort, upon those who mourned.  
Thus then my vision changed. Methought I saw  
A sad procession to the church-yard move,  
And, as it neared the little church I'd loved,  
That blended with the soft-toned organ's peal,  
I heard the sobbing of my orphaned child!  
Three God had given to us. Two I might leave  
To comfort him whom I had sought to soothe;  
But one, a stricken lamb, would need through  
life

A mother's tender love. I could not stay:  
So, kneeling at the pearly gates, I prayed  
That God would give me back to her, and that  
I might with me bear  
Something of heaven's light and love and joy  
To bless her there!

The vision passed. My anguished cry  
Had vanished sleep; and bending o'er me  
Was the dear face of her for whom I'd prayed,  
Beaming with love and sweet solicitude.

I clasp her to my heart. O Father, grant  
That—ere Thy summons comes, calling me hence  
Into that land of rest—to me be given  
Light, strength, and all-sustaining love to guide  
and soothe;

And if we may not stand together at the pearly  
gate,

Mine be the sadder portion here,  
To watch and wait!

Zellwood, Fla., August, 1878.

#### VOLUNTARY ARBITRATION.

The *John Bull* of September 14th, in an article on the second report of the Lambeth Conference, says:

To return, however, to the report. It is manifest that the other Churches will not be ruled by the interpretation of English lawyers, either in doctrine, worship, or discipline; and then what is to be their final court of appeal? It cannot be the Archbishop of Canterbury so long as he is subject to the judicial committee, even if the Archbishop of York, the Scottish, Irish, and, above all, the American bishops and their Churches, would agree to recognize him as a spiritual patriarch. Moreover, the Anglican Communion is daily giving birth to other than English-speaking Churches, who are not on any primitive principle to be bound to a new pope at Lambeth. The patriarchal system, in short, is plainly inapplicable to the full extent of the communion; and it is hindered in the smaller area, where it might for many reasons be desirable, by the narrow-mindedness of our modern lawyers. Consequently all that remains is voluntary arbitration, and this is the subject of the second report.

It has very little to suggest, except on "the grave question of the trial of a bishop." If the bishops of the province, not being less than five, are unanimous, there should be no appeal. If a tribunal of five comprovincial bishops cannot be formed, bishops from a neighboring province should be called in. If the provincial canons do not provide for the case, the condemned bishop may appeal to a tribunal of five metropolitans, including the Archbishop of Canterbury. If the province desires a court of appeal from its own tribunal, it should consist of not less than five bishops, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. We confess we see nothing very practical in all this. It is true that under such a system Bishop Colenso would have been condemned, as he actually was by Bishop Gray. But we fail to see how his legal position in Natal, or the opinion of the Bishops of London and St. David's, would have been affected any more than by the course taken by Bishop Gray. The committee do not suggest any means of en-

forcing, or obtaining recognition of the sentence in other parts of the Church. We live in days when even excommunication might be set at naught, and that by bishops.

After all, it is a consolation to know that the Anglican, like the Catholic Communion, can do very well *without* a supreme tribunal of appeal. What we want is more faith in the power of truth and of the apostolical ministry. Let the bishops of the several provinces imitate the example of their American brethren—make the wisest provision they can for their own needs, and trust to the spiritual life of the Church to procure their ultimate recognition. When they deposed the schismatic Bishop Cummins they did not ask what the Church in England might think of their sentence. The Bishop of London might have disputed it as the Bishop of London at the time did dispute Dr. Colenso's deposition, and the American Church could only have passed on her way "in maiden meditation fancy free." She relied on her apostolical authority, and the result is that the schism leaves America to come and bother us in England. So, again, when the ritualistic eruption troubled America the bishops at first thought, like our own, of repressing it by new and specific legislation, but the clergy threw out their canons as our convocations would have thrown out the public worship act. At last a clergyman, who is now a bishop, moved that the fatherly counsel of the bishop was the right and adequate remedy. This was accepted with acclamations, the daggers were all dropped, and the American Ritualists have sunk into insignificance.

If the several portions of the Anglican Commission will but trust in the power of the Holy Ghost, and in their mutual possession of His gifts, they will have no need of an artificial tribunal of appeal to preserve their unity.

#### THY ROD AND THY STAFF.

BY E. R. S.

"The rod for correction, and the staff for support; both together forming the cross."

Thou chastenest me in mercy,  
If in brief wrath Thy rod descends;  
And no correction joyous seems,  
Yet with the pain sweet comfort blends.

Thou sendest me a staff, Thy love,  
A sure support to comfort me;  
It gives my tired feet fresh strength  
To tread the path that leads to Thee.

And both together, rod and staff,  
Form the one Cross to which I cling;  
Then love and justice met in Thee,  
My Judge, my Saviour, and my King.

September, 1878.

#### SELF-RESPECT.

How frequently have I heard young people, yes, and old ones too, say, "I could not do thus and so without losing my self-respect," and it has often occurred to me that many times pride and self-conceit are mistaken for self-respect. It is no want of self-respect to be kind and forbearing with others; or even to forgive seventy times seven; to make the advances after a quarrel or misunderstanding, or even after bad treatment. Shall I tell you, my young reader, what should constitute true self-respect? It is this. Not to look upon yourself as better than others, but to remember that you are the child of a great and mighty King—"a member of Christ, a child of God"—and strive to live as His child should;



to be incapable of a low, mean action; to have too much respect for yourself to be led into doing anything you would regret at the last day; to remember that although you can do nothing of yourself, and knowing your own faults in all humility, yet not giving up the contest in mock humility, or real discouragement, but feeling that you "can do all things through Jesus Christ who strengtheneth you," and ever pressing onward and upward, taking the "elder brother" as your model and guide, and striving to be worthy of your title as an "inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

#### A REMINISCENCE.

Respectfully inscribed to the Right Rev. and  
Mrs. A. Cleveland Coze.

BY L. N. T.

A little grass, some autumn leaves,  
Having naught else, I send you these.  
But could I paint the picture fair,  
And show you all the beauties rare  
Of the green vale from whence they came,  
Grasses and leaves would favor gain.  
They grew within a glen so still,  
You only heard a distant mill,  
And nature's self seemed gone to sleep  
While silence kept her vigil sweet.  
Bordered by wild flowers, bright and gay,  
A winding path led far away,  
While ferns, and vines gone quite astray,  
Would still invite our longer stay,  
And daisies white, and bending grass,  
Fain would refuse to let us pass.

At last we reached the distant height,  
And looked abroad in glad delight  
On lovely hills so fair to view,  
In misty veils of palest blue,  
While light and shade by turns held sway,  
Contending which should longest stay  
Between the hills and meadows bright  
A little stream, wild with delight,  
Went dancing o'er the pebbles white,  
Went singing on in thoughtless glee,  
Until it reached the distant sea.

We here looked down on fields so green,  
Dressed in such robe of fairest sheen,  
That monarch grand, in days of yore,  
Ne'er wore a robe so broidered o'er;  
And groups of elms made pictures rare  
Of stately castles, grand and fair.  
You almost heard the bugle call  
That summoned forth from castle hall;  
And fancy-pictured ladies gay,  
On snow-white palfreys led the way;  
While knights and lords in silence stood,  
Holding their falcons, each in hood;  
Then joined the cavalcade so gay  
For one right royal holiday!  
Thus playful fancy holding sway  
Chased all my sober thoughts away.

But turning back once more I greet  
(And in my heart thy picture keep)  
'Thee, thou dear village 'mid the hills;  
Thy peaceful homes, I see them still,  
Thy stately trees, so grand, so tall;  
Oh, softly may their shadows fall  
On cottage low and pleasant hall.  
Yes, lovely vale, with beauty blest'd,  
In peace and plenty may'st thou rest;  
But better boon than earth can give,  
May each dear soul in Jesus live.

I see the grave-yard lone and still,  
I hear the murmuring of the rill  
As it sweeps o'er the pebbly shore,  
Fast feet of those who come no more  
To cheer our hearts as theirs of yore;  
For they are gone through the "low green  
door"

To that far-off land, that silent shore.

Yet the little stream doth ceaseless sing  
Of happier days and endless Spring,  
When, all our sins by Christ forgiven,  
We reach at last our home in heaven.  
Buffalo, September, 1878.

#### THE ONE SOURCE OF MISSIONARY POWER.\*

The ending of the Epistle for last Sunday is my text:

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end."—Eph. iii. 20, 21.

An ascription is not commonly an argument or an exposition, but in this one there is something of both. While the feeling kindles and the thought rises, definite doctrines are compactly declared in the several members of the sentence. Great things are "to be done," it appears, not yet undertaken. Hearty Christians, of large faith, "think" about them and "ask" for them. In the whole range of the Epistle it is not personal disciples chiefly, but the one integral commonwealth of Christ, whose coming life is unfolded. In souls of deep religion the prophetic sense is always active, foreshortening the lines of the future, seeing missionary consummations, as if they were close at hand. Dry-minded commentators imagine they must make out some rational explanation of this perpetual advent cry of the Lord's coming. It is really only the natural voice of three abiding convictions necessary to the Catholic belief—that the world has been, in fact, already saved and belongs to its Saviour; that many men and nations do not know it; and that, compared with the certainty that it will be found out, the time of its being found out is a small matter. Sure events look near to the mind much in proportion as they are sure. Every believing generation lives in the last days. So here. It is a period of expectation; St. Paul's time was, and so is ours just as much. But human faith is never quite up even with the possibilities of God. He only is "able to do." Sovereignty, immeasurable, unthinkable, is above us. Yet, after all, the almighty ability *there*, "above all that we can think," and the power *here*, are in their root the same; and the original terms are only forms of the same word. No hint is given that the expected work is to be done by supernatural blows in the air or without mortal energy. The missionary sermon which, more than any other, in England, less than ninety years ago, broke the nation's sleep and sounded the key-note of modern missions to the heathen, had therefore very fitly these two heads: Expect great things from God; undertake great things for God. Our asking and our thinking may be limited by a narrow intellectual or spiritual capacity—the "power that worketh in us"—but *in kind* God's power and that in the hands of the Church are one. It is the incarnation-power. This power *works*. That is, there is a progressive historic course of the kingdom of heaven on the earth, with special crises, pauses, turning-points, and special duties belonging to them. It is like a personal life. This forward movement is actually what is spoken of as the "glory." Its secret Mover is a Person, Christ Jesus—no other. In whatever degree He is owned and felt as the personal moving force will the glory be. And that glory is endless—age upon age the Greek says—or an age of ages.

We are to look to-night not forward much, or backward much, but directly at the place where we are. It seems to me we have reached a point, as American Churchmen, where there is less call to repeat the familiar appeal for activity and liberality in meeting demands that come to us from without than to search our inner life, to see whether there is not some defect in motives and principles, and to attend to that "power which worketh in us." To all visible aggression upon paganism abroad or anti-Christianism at home it stands in the relation of the spring to the

wheels, the heart to the feet, the fountain to the stream. Our inquiries will be three:

How far are we in position for large future movements? What is the matter with us, that we are not, in some really worthy sense, a missionary Church? Where is strength to be spent, in order to endow our whole body, from its heart to its feet and hands, with the self-sacrificing, self-imparting, Christ-like passion?

First, we are no longer in want of a plan of operations. For some years to come there will be no excuse in that quarter for any inefficiency or any failure. By the last convention much further discussing of a policy and patching of the system are put out of order. The action then was deliberate enough and near enough to unanimity to command the confidence of the whole Church. This meeting, this week, begins a new era with new responsibilities. If we are languid or stationary, or distracted, any more, nobody can cast the blame on the organization, or the lack of it. That action was a logical sequence of all foregoing steps in the Church in the United States. If anything is clear in that history it is that in its birth, blood, and training this Church was meant to have a missionary character; not merely that it was to send out now and then a certain number of ministers, east or west, but that its very life, from the root, like the national life, was to be a progressive, elastic, and vitally assimilating thing—its organic law never restricting its expansion; its instinct and genius for order not cramping its motion; constitutional and yet free; reconciling truths that are fixed in an original charter and unchanging creeds with ideas which vary as the ages vary, grow with the reason and discoveries of the race, and carry an old and eternal kingdom into fresh adaptations and new lands. For eighty-nine years Providence has been instructing us that if we are not ready to accept this honor, and live accordingly, we have no calling, and no right to be, on the continent that He has opened. The original constitution itself was wide and open enough for the dimensions and climates of the country, its social varieties, its mixture of nationalities. A consciousness of this evangelizing destiny was evidently in the minds of the first founders. At the very first convention after the Episcopal bench was formed, a committee was appointed "to prepare a plan for supporting missionaries to preach the Gospel on the frontiers of the States." In less time than it takes an individual to come of age the young Church declared that a diocesan episcopate was not to exhaust the episcopal function, but that it includes leadership with supervision, by taking measures to send a bishop into territories beyond the bounds of all parishes. Thirteen years more, and the Constitution of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was adopted; fourteen more, and every baptized child was pronounced a member of the missionary society, his enrolment being not by an optional subscription, but by the august register of a sacrament; a corollary of that proposition being that a Church member not laboring and giving to send the Gospel abroad, breaks his covenant and denies the nature of the faith. There was no stopping there, for logic is inexorable. In 1859, at Richmond, when two grand acts turned the sessions into a kind of jubilee, viz., the covering of the Continent to the Pacific coast with Episcopal jurisdictions, and the forming of the great committee from every diocese to develop the reserved energy, wealth, and wisdom of the whole lay-membership—both houses cordially pressed the doctrine to its practical issue by affirming, and asking the whole body of the clergy to read it aloud to their congregations, that it is the duty of every member of the Church to consecrate a definite percentage of his income to spread the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour; that systematic and frequent offerings, by persons and parishes, according

\* A sermon delivered by the Bishop of Central New York at the opening of the Missionary Conference held in Calvary Church, New York, on Wednesday evening, October 9th, 1878.



to their ability, are the true method of fulfilling this universal obligation, and that the pastors should guide their flocks to a cheerful compliance with the spirit of the apostolic direction to the Church at Corinth: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him," so binding all material gains, not by accidental impulse or responses to fitful appeals, but by Divine law, to spiritual growth. Meantime events had made it plain where the work was to be done. Asia had opened its ports on the eastern side, in India and Palestine. Ethiopia was waiting, a promise of prophecy not yet fulfilled, her hands stretched out to tyrants and robbers, not to God. Four millions of half-African freedmen at the South had been thrown upon Christian hands by emancipation. In moral weakness and savage strength three or four hundred thousand red pagans had made themselves felt as a moral charge by the Christian conscience and compassion of the country. Everywhere beyond the Mississippi emigrant populations had poured in, not taking with them a ministry, creed, or sacraments,—thrill outrunning religion. All over the old States at least a third of the people were found living without public prayer, in indifference or unbelief. Two thirds of the souls on earth know nothing of the only Saviour of the world. Certainly there was incentive enough to make the machinery perfect. It only remained, a year ago, taking up these principles that had been declared, and facing the facts that had been discovered, to create the best possible organization. Four principal features distinguish this system. It brings the four several departments or commissions into unity, simplifying what was complicated; it renders the actual directing working-force at once compact and representative; it makes the Church of Christ at large in fact, what forty years ago it avowed itself—and not any second or supplementary society—the constituent and accountable missionary body; and it sets forth as its first public measure the Divine rule of universal, systematic, weekly offerings to Christ as the sure supply of means to convert mankind. We are together to-day for the first time, from the whole country, to recognize and use this plan. I say, therefore, that, legislation and organization having done their best, we are not to look to them, for the present, either for employment for our time or an apology for our shortcoming. The machinery is prepared. There is in fact a good deal more of it than the angels of the Seven Churches knew anything about.

A second favorable condition is the decline of party spirit. Fifteen years since the question that instantly arose over any attempt to convert men was the question, which one of two parties of people already supposed to be converted would take the benefit; and the success of either one was a grief or alarm to the other. That wicked absurdity, at least, is over. Schools of opinion remain, which only means that there are varieties of opinion which are not strictly individual, but can be classified. They are a necessity of intellectual health, and will last as long as men learn and think. Almost any number of such schools are better than two. Parties seem to be mischievous in the inverse ratio of their number. No religious division is so fatal to charity or piety as a bi-section. And so when it was announced at the last meeting of the board that this body of Christ was no longer to be so debilitated, but that the two were to be thenceforth one, another hindrance to a true Christian advance was taken out of the way. To carry to the lost one Gospel, one Cross, one Prayer Book, and one Creed, is certainly an ambassadorship which requires no antagonistic agencies. We can reckon it a part of our new missionary equipment, then, that we have a generous diversity of operations, but no longer a jealous rivalry between brothers.

Furthermore, this Church is in a position

of advantage in approaching any people, of any grade of culture, by its doctrinal standards. Its missionaries preach a Gospel which invigorates every faculty of man and stultifies or narcotizes none—salvation by Divine grace without Antinomianism, charitable works without saving merits, atonement without commercial equivalents, personal character without self-righteousness, penitence without penance, and sacraments without superstition. It is shut out from no missionary enterprise in any part of the world by any extra-scriptural dogma, or any collision with legitimate science. To the scholarship of China, to the reflective Brahmin, to the keen-witted Mussulman, to the shrewd, rationalistic Western pioneer, it offers a historic creed of such clearness and simplicity that the subtleties of opposition are disarmed. The authority is entrenched in the Divine humanity of the Person Christ, from whom all the visible and spiritual powers and ministries are derived. The system is powerful because it is positive—disencumbered of metaphysical theology. It is just as good for the Oriental mind, always bringing its deities down to men, as for the Western mind, always trying to lift men to gods; and just as good for the Guinea negro under his palm-tree as for English judges and professors in their libraries. It is remarkable that in these late years of immense scientific research neither the naturalist nor the antiquarian has been able to raise a successful issue with a clause in the Book of Common Prayer, and that in no instance has the Church committed itself to an explanation or statement which any advance of knowledge has proved false. Materialism can contradict that manual of faith only as it contradicts a supernatural world altogether, which, in the nature of the case, the senses or material organs are incompetent to do. In the conflict between paganism in the East, which is sure to come, and which Bishop Schereschewsky is planting his college to meet, this strong and half-inspired reserve on points open to intellectual investigation will be of more moment than it seems.

To complete this view, that the Church was never so well furnished as it is now to fulfil its missionary calling, notice two or three points more. Maintaining its unity through a civil war, which could not have been more bitter without dismembering the nation, or more bloody without draining out its life, and coming out of it undivided, it has satisfied statesmen and patriots that it has an extraordinary power of comprehension and cohesion. In its steady balance between a distributed and a consolidated government it has stood in striking accordance with the Federal polity. Keeping clear of political animosity, in the sectional struggle, it never failed to treat the person of the slave—now a freedman—with religious reverence; it welcomed him to a spiritual equality with the European in all its offices; as early as 1795 Bishop White ordained a negro to the ministry. This age and this people are humane; they care for the poorer and weaker classes. For several years, in the larger populations, our best clergy and laymen have dealt with the problems of poverty, misery, and ignorance in the only way that the social philosophers themselves have yet found out; not as sentimentalists or abstractionists, but by practical instruction, helping and raising up (not poverty, misery, and ignorance, but) the poor man, the miserable woman, the ignorant child, through the Son of Man's grace, making them free citizens in the kingdom of the incarnation. One special element of strength in any missionary body is the confidence and co-operation of the laity. The money is in their hands; and they are most likely to give it where their intelligence is informed and their judgment is consulted. Our whole legislative system, calling into our councils many of the ablest business men in the nation, has endowed us with this strong support.

My friends, these, shortly stated, are some

of the components that make up the vantage ground we are on. You will find that they are not arrayed here for self-congratulation. Apparatus and machinery, method and opportunity, good antecedents, a splendid heritage, a glorious trust—what cause, what people, what army, what Church, was ever delivered and made immortal by these? Not one of them is our own creation. If God has done for us above all that we ever asked, or our fathers dreamed, He is summoning us, in this very hour, with all these monuments of His bounty about us, with His estate beneath our feet, with the levers of the vast engine in the hands of the engineers, to a reckoning. Every historic privilege I have named, from the Faith once delivered, down to your act of incorporation—is an item in the account. There seems to come a voice out of the mouth of the Lord, "Behold the wheels; but where are the living creatures, and the noise of the wings that touch one another, and the moving fire among them?"

We are here three thousand congregations and ministers, in a republic which believes itself born to be, in half a century, foremost among the nations of the earth. Mr. Gladstone, speaking for "the name and fame of England," and pointing to our national vigor in bearing and reducing our public burden, declares that we have done in each twelvemonth what England did in eight years, and that our "self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future" have been eightfold hers. We are three hundred thousand partakers of the Lord's body and blood, with a full share of the wealth of a wealthy people. We have done something for missions. For the continent of Africa—twelve millions of square miles—we have six ministers, as many as would form the staff of two well-officed city parishes, and we have set seven specks of light along a slender section of a barbarous shore. For four hundred and forty-six millions of Chinese souls we give eight ambassadors of the Saviour who died for them all. The whole foreign department breathes hard and lies awake at night under a debt, the amount of which thousands of single merchants in this city might lose to-day and sleep as well as ever till morning. In our own country, in our Christian joy at the liberation of some four millions of slaves, we send as much money to train them into the stature of Christian men as would have been paid twenty years ago for fifty of their bodies. We care so much that the neglected and faithless multitudes unshepherded in our domestic domain should not lose eternal life, that we let mixed motives and pathetic appeals wring from us for their salvation less than one third the cost of equipping and sailing for a year one frigate in our navy, partially supporting for missionaries as many workmen as are sustained by many a factory on a New England stream. Among the ingenuities of our enterprising public advocates there has been printed a map of the whole country showing in vivid colors what districts are still barren of the services of our Church. There might be a far more shameful scroll. There is a watchman at the Bible House who scans our geography with a very accurate eye. Paint one paragraph in his last year's report; sketch the territory of our 2,800 parishes; darken with india-ink the area of those which the year before gave not one penny to his treasury; and four sevenths of the surface would be blotted black.

What is the matter? Nothing, you will all say, is the matter with the heritage or the trust—the creed or the original commission, the word preached or the way of worship, the historic preparation or the principles avowed—and not much, unless we are bunglers at our best, with the machinery of administration and the financial plan set on foot.

Brethren, we must carry our question to the Lord himself. He answered it before it was ever asked. When He planted the Church He planted it by missions; and when



He made missionaries He made them by taking common men and filling them with himself. Never, since, when men have been filled with Him, has there been any lack of missionary life. He said, "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." What "fruit"? He makes it plain. It was fruit raised through men *ordained and going*, missionary fruit; "I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go, and bring" it "forth." You must travel and sail, climb and swim, learn languages and wash barbarians' feet. It is rough and dirty work. How shall they bear such fruit? "He that abideth in me the same bringeth" it "forth." Rough and dirty is it? It is welcome and illustrious work. That doctrine runs all through the four Gospels. How much personal love and faith towards the Master, so much eager sacrifice for the spreading of His kingdom. St. Paul catches it and sounds it through His Epistle to all those scattered flocks which knew that so He had gathered and nourished them. He says it in that most churchly Epistle to the Ephesians, and in the text. The "power that worketh in us" for the more abundant glory is Christly power. Nay, it is He, indwelling. We reach a first principle of this heavenly economy. The measure of a personal and intimate affection for the living Jesus, in the people dwelling at home, in settled congregations, will be the measure of the missionary spirit, missionary money, and missionary power.

Possibly that may sound like a truism. If it is, it is one of those truisms that are tame only when they are not believed, but which, when they enter in, strike hard and cut deep: truisms that make the preacher tremble while he speaks them, and hurt because they humiliate the hearer. We have assembled at this crisis to search not other men, or other denominations, but ourselves. Our business is not to cover anything up, but to open the fountain head of our little river, and find how much water springs there. We had better be honest, or else be still. Come beneath this admirable mechanism, and see whether any awful force lies latent in the heart of the ship. Come behind the breastwork, the artillery, the drill-yard, and look at the magazines, where fire and thunder and victory should be kept in store. It is in vain to think of great income, wider fields, and rich harvests, unless a more definite spiritual life, a heartier piety, warms and inspires the people. If we are doing but little to convert the world, it is because we are but partly converted ourselves. Gaspar Borzoe, the great Eastern missionary, used to say: "If Christ himself had not established a mission in a heart worse than any Mohammedan land, I should never have been preaching the Gospel in Persia." The heart and core of Christianity is to give self away for the Son of Man, and for man. That is the heart and core, also, of missionary life. The identity of the two, therefore, is radical and eternal.

Modern society has a great deal on its hands—a plenty of uses for all its means: education, colonies, commerce, elections, communications all over the planet, manufactures, conquests of nature, the completing of a material civilization. You go to it and ask it for money to evangelize mankind. It answers you just as it answers other propositions in its counting-rooms every day. What for? What will the investment bring? If you say you want to civilize the world's barbarians, the answer will be, We are doing that already, in our own way, by commerce and railroads. If you say you want to extend the Christian morality, they will compare the taxes in New York and Calcutta, and suggest that morals come gradually with education. If you speak of Christianity as a Divine gift, or a blessed privilege, to be extended, they doubt whether the Turk and the Jew and the Indian deserve it. The man who has the money you want, if he is the average American Christian, wants a return for his outlay; he wants comfort for his sensibilities, books

and pictures and the drama and a carriage, refinement for his tastes, and respect, if not more, from the gentlemen and families of his class. You invite him to help convert foreigners. Convert them to what? To Christianity. His idea is that such Christianity as he has is a convenient and handsome thing for himself, but he sees no particular reason why he should give it away. However, he has a pew in your church, and means to be obliging and polite to his clergyman, and two or three times a year he puts some dollars into a collection, pleasing himself with the notion that it will do good somehow, and perhaps better his chances for permanent and respectable well-being. It will take a great many such men and a great deal of their money to create missionary power.

You apply to another man, of a different stamp, less prosperous, of sharp eyes, blunt speech, not profound, but practical. He points to this average American Christian, and says, "If that is a specimen of what you would turn Hindoos and Dakotahs into, I decline to encourage the enterprise. I appreciate him. He pays his debts, says his prayers, makes a comely figure in the social scenery, and has some public spirit. But except for a few outside marks I should not be sure whether he is a fashionable Christian or a civilized heathen. I am not rich enough to export a religion of which this neighbor is a type." My friends, our first step towards getting our Faith sent abroad is to make it so strong a blessing as to be worth sending; and if men and women are to part with their property for Christ, it must be because Christ is more to them than property, His name dearer than success, and His favor more precious than gold.

The truth is, the missionary idea is too high and the missionary system is too exacting to be supported by any other power than the inspiration of a very ardent affection, amounting to a holy passion of the soul. It is costly work; it is slow work at best. It shows small computable returns. It has many discouragements. A cool and rational calculation is not enough. A general desire to see Christianity substituted for idolatry is not enough. A high appreciation of the ethical advantages of our religion is not, I doubt, for one, whether even a sense of duty, so far as it is kept alive by ordinary considerations, will be sufficient to form the impelling force which will sweep a missionary army forward over the world. As far as I am acquainted with Christian history, there is no instance on record of any such movement, of any grandeur, sustained by purely ethical or social inducements. These will do a great deal to train people in home virtues, to foster domestic charities, and even to plant colonies. But colonies are not missions, and they have always an ingredient of self-interest. A mission, anywhere, requires the enthusiasm of the cross, or else it drags and fails; There must be—there always has been—one of two intense, burning convictions: Either a belief that the Gospel sent is to save, literally and directly, each converted man from a horrible perdition, or else a personal love and zeal for Christ so utterly self-forgetful that it will do and suffer all things to make others His friends, and to gladden His heart with their conversion. Everything short of this is short of real success. There is this strange, unutterable, incomparable power in the Son of God. No theology has ever explained it. No philosophy has accounted for it. There must be a touch of the Pentecostal fire. We cannot imagine St. Paul or any of his brother-apostles, or the saints at Jerusalem, or Achaia, doing any part of their work without that peculiar energy. So all along. This, and this only, accomplished the marvellous conquests of the early Church, from Syria to England, Northern Africa, and India. This alone belted the Mediterranean with a cordon of Christian altars. This, along with the fervor of extending a great ecclesiastical in-

stitution, but never the latter alone, sent the Romish fathers into the forests of the St. Lawrence and the fever swamps of South America, where the real honors of the middle ages were reaped. Nothing else brought the brave witnesses from the "Brethren" in Holland to Labrador. Nothing else brightened the beginning of this century in the Church of England with the opening of the gates of the East to the Saviour. For whatever has been worthy of her title in our own branch of the Church there is no different origin. There must be either a Francis Xavier, crying, with solemn aspect, in the streets of Paris and the cities of paganism, while he rings his bell in his hand, to warn the lost of their ruin, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or there must be a John the Baptist, pointing with a kind of transport to the Healer from Nazareth, and calling to them that pass by, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." There must be alarm to drive men to their Saviour, or love to draw them; but in either case it must be to the Saviour that they come, or the mission has no breath or blood, and dies.

We are not unfamiliar, in our natural efforts to make men give, with a form of moral satire which consists in contrasting some enormous superfluous but common expenditure with the scanty sums dropped into the treasury of the Church. It is proved to us by incontestable statistics that if the proceeds of the silk trade, or the tobacco trade, or the wine trade were poured into the Bible House, every necessary dollar for the conversion of the Gentiles would be supplied. These computations are very striking. They demonstrate, by mathematics, that we are a very inconsistent people, and belong to a very imperfectly Christianized Christendom—that we care more for our own luxuries than for our neighbors' salvation, and that we ought either to use our religion more, or parade it less. Pertaining to all such sharp arraignments, however, there is one remarkable feature. Nobody takes the slightest concern to answer them, whether by way of disputing the data or mitigating the inference. Over and over again these shameful facts are proclaimed and printed. They make no impression on the offerings of our congregations, the indulgences of men, or the fashions of women. Nobody denies that they are humiliating, and nobody appears to be humiliated. Why is it? It is because if the parties rebuked were to speak frankly and put their conduct into words, they would say: "The figures are correct enough, but the fallacy is in your premise. You assume that we are ashamed of this contrast, or wish it were otherwise. But we say to you that we have no such mortification. We like our silks and tobacco and wine better than we like the satisfaction of turning heathen to the Redeemer, or building a church among the mines of Nevada. We shall go on just as before; we shall not give you our money, because, while we have no quarrel with a gospel that lets us alone in our pleasures, your Gospel of the beatitudes and Calvary is troublesome. You are looking at this subject from one point, and we from another. Bring us these Christian ordinances as a part of the decorated order of a refined and lively society, and we are with you, and will pay a moderate tax to keep them up. But tell us they are essential, or supreme, tell us to put your kingdom of heaven first, and we take leave to differ." Now, that would be candid speech. The spirit of the world is not candid. It is polite, diplomatic, shrewd, cruel. It ought to be candid. The ambassador of Christ ought to be candid; and he ought to say: These comparisons fail of their aim, because they are addressed to a callous conscience and a selfish heart. The moment Christ enters in there, sacrifices for Him will be easy, and the man will be miserable if he gives more for luxuries for himself than he gives to his Lord.



If this is true, then a large part of the missionary work of this next generation is to be done in dioceses and parishes and Sunday schools at home. Men that are running after fortunes will have to learn, in some way, that a black man's soul, a Mexican's, a Modoc's, a Chinaman's, is worth more than any fortune in the land; that, while the yellow fever comes now and then to decimate a section, the pestilence and putridities of the soul are chronic and universal over half the planet; and that the most complacent citizen has got to answer for that brother-man in the day of judgment. This sort of preaching needs a particular sort of preachers, and it will be well if our theological seminaries and the students in them are considering of what stuff they are made.

Again, we are not strangers, any of us, to a ready practice of trying to make the cross of giving light and agreeable to those who have no faith in being crucified with Christ by a variety of secular devices for getting money, half traffic and half frolic, which return an equivalent of amusement for what is paid, substituting this for offerings to God; or it is proposed to relieve the liberal givers by persuading everybody to give a little. But have we gone to the root of the matter when we have gathered up the total sum and spent it on the field? No doubt the mere fact of giving is a means of grace. No doubt some dark soul in the region of the shadow of death at Cavalala may get a glimpse of the great Light by means of the profits made at a parish entertainment which begins with something like a theatre, and has something like a gambling-table in a corner, and ends with a supper and a dance.

But suppose you Christianize a heathen abroad by half heathenizing several Christians at home! After all, ought anything be put instead of the "grace," the principle, the faith! What if we succeed in persuading men to give because they can give without feeling it, or contrive some other form of *benevolence made easy*, is that a *Gospel for them*? Are we not rather preaching Christ when we teach them to give when they feel it most, to give out of poverty, shorten rest, or lengthen labor, or abandon pleasure—to carry a cross which leaves on body or estate "marks of the Lord Jesus." I ministered once in a church where many a pew stood for a million dollars. There were generous men and saintly women among them, not a few. But it only happened once in the nine years that, after I had announced an offering for the following Sunday, a person stopped after the service to say, "I must be absent next Sunday and wish you to take my gift now." She was not "a Samaritan," but she was a cook, and she was to be absent to cook a rich man's dinner, and I had some reason to suspect that her gift was larger than his. The real "glory to God in the Church by Christ Jesus," the great anthem, the sound of many waters, will come when the life of the Son of God in the body of His people mounts so high and runs so free that the evangelizing of the world becomes their natural and perpetual joy, their spiritual meat and drink, and its perils and heroisms and costs are "counted" but a chosen "loss for Christ."

It is under this eternal law that the whole history and life of the Church of God unfold. "In the beginning was the Word," the living Word. This Son of Man stands on the earth and calls men in order that He may send them. At the outset of His ministry He says "Come." After a while, to the same persons, He says "Go." But in the interval between, He has touched and changed the springs of their life, transformed them, filled them with Himself. They come common people from the world's common places. They go royal ambassadors of heaven, in the spiritual splendor of a self-sacrificing charity, *giving* the life and light they have received. Out from Him flows the entire supernatural, in-

spired system of the kingdom—ministry, sacraments, liturgies, charities.

"Rivers four that gladden  
With their streams this better Eden,"  
the garden of the second creation, with the second Adam for its head. But it is all a missionary tide. It follows that every impulse and stroke of missionary power on earth is from the heart of Christ. He sows, and there is a harvest. He touches nations, and there arises a brotherhood not only civilized by His light but sanctified by His love. The isles of the ocean wait for Him. He spreads his net and gathers of every kind, and lo! the burden of the sea is not only fishes but fishermen, who go, and gather, and come again. What follows, then, but that the criterion of all missionary power and success in any branch of the Church is its conscious nearness and likeness to Him? If there are activity, free giving, ready going, a full treasury, able men who say, "Here am I, send me," it is because through all the organization Christ lives, and His personal spirit works. There is no other possible spring for that enthusiasm. Take Him away from the bravest missionary at his post,—the lion-heart of Selwyn would break, St. Paul would sink and die of homesickness "alone at Athens." If the ship labors in the sea, it is because there is no call of faith to the Master. If the machine stops or creaks, it is because the motive force is not let on. If this flower of Lebanon languishes, it is because the roots are not in the heart of the ground. If money fails, you may start a thousand conjectures as to this defect or that in the plan, but you are looking for a disorder on the surface which is deeper down at the core. You have undertaken the amazing task of converting the world to Christ by a selfish Christianity. Know, O blind interpreter, that when men love Christ with right loyal and joyous devotion they will speak of Him, run for Him, give to Him, tell out His story; and of missionary money and men there will be no famine. God's rivers of life will be full of water. It is time for Christians to think, amidst their perplexities, whether the difficulty is not where they forget to look for it,—in their piety itself. We shall have more money for the Master when we have more of the Master. The world and the flesh and the devil have got the money; and they have got not a little of it in the hands of baptized men and women. It will come out when they believe with all their might in Him by whom that "world" was overcome, who transfigured the "flesh" into a living temple, and who by putting Satan behind Him drew to Him the ministry of angels. How much of the present Christ, so much missionary strength.

And, my dear friends, this law is personal as well as universal, pressing the individual conscience. The end of all our exertions is increase of life. But no man liveth to himself. Be the disciple as his Lord! You, the one member, can, no more than the whole body, live *in* Christ without giving yourself, and of that which feeds and delights yourself, for Christ. "He that loveth his life shall lose it." Freewill offerings on Christ's altar of that which costs us something; constant as His covenants are, uniform as His sun and seasons are, cheerful like the songs of His harvests, regular and ordered like all the operations of His kingdom; O how long and how patiently, on this fruitful land, Christ has waited for this due tribute at His feet, that He might turn it to the glory of His crown! Whenever we see these comings in of His tithes we shall see the goings forth of His power.

In both the Creeds the article of the Catholic Church has, going directly before it, the article of the Holy Ghost. Ages of faith in the Spirit are ages of spiritual victory. The Spirit who inspires the body breathes on the individual heart. It is well to mend and oil the wheels; but into them let the living creatures come, on their wings! We had better

not be too punctilious about methods, rules, by-laws, if we can only get the blowing of the north wind, and the awakening of the Spring-time. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. God will forgive us if in our self-forgetting eagerness to save our brothers and build wide our Father's house, we make here or there a mistake, or overlook some prudent caution. When the great obelisk, brought down the Mediterranean from Egypt, was erected by Fontana in the square of St. Peter's, in 1586, it was determined to make that gigantic undertaking an incarnation of the knowledge and resources of the capital of the world, in the time of Sixtus V. A student on the spot has painted the scene in words. I recall the description imperfectly. The tackle was arranged, the hands were picked and spotted; every precaution was taken for the difficult and perilous work. So necessary was silence deemed, to prevent a panic and a crash, that it was agreed that whoever should utter a loud word should be struck dead. As the majestic monolith swung up on its end, the populace closed in, and the area was crowded to the base. Slowly the huge monument of Egyptian toil and sweat rose—five degrees, ten, fifteen, twenty. Suddenly there are signs of faltering and a pause. No voice speaks, under the penalty of death. It moves again under the pulleys to the forty-third degree, and stops. The hempen cables begin to stretch and give. The engineer trembles; the masons look at one another, and watch in despair the hanging mass of stone. Which way will it fall? There was silence everywhere. Tiptoe, on a post, in a jacket of homespun, his figure strained, and his face like a prophet's, stood a workman of the people. From his lips, over that breathless mass of men, rang a clear cry: "Wet the ropes!" From the chief engineer and his band of servants that lawless shout had instant obedience. Water was dashed upon the cables; they bit fiercely at the granite spar; the windlasses were manned again; the obelisk rose to its place, and took its stand for centuries. Possibly God wants in this Church, just now, the fiery inspiration of uncalculating zeal and a fearless faith more than mathematical proportions or a faultlessly adjusted scheme. All honor to the regulation of the ropes; but if they are dry and weak, and give, he will be pardoned who pours over them living and saving water. "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My spirit upon all flesh. Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath. And whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Finally, dear friends, if there is to be power in our missions there must be no reckoning of rewards. Our Lord's work, like all heroic and glorious work, is to be done because it is constrained by the love that worketh in us, which is power from on high. The messenger is to think more of what he bears out, and of Him who sends him, than of the number of sheaves brought back. Let us take care how we try to forestall the returns of the reapers, who are the angels, by the arithmetic of a ledger. Songs

"Sung of those who spread the treasures  
In the holy Gospels shrined,"

are not modulated by a tabular view. The glad tidings, the ascension command and gift, the intercessions round thousands of altars, the noble army going before and coming after, the present and everlasting Leader, these we have already and everywhere; and for this half-lighted world they are enough. The new heavens and the new earth, and the multitude that no man can number, by and by! The joy of the Lord be the strength of the workmen! And the reign of His righteousness, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, will be your "rest," when the work is done.

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceed-



ing abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end!"

### "DE PROFUNDIS."

The following lines were written to be sung to the tune of "God Save our Native Land," at a concert given in Newbern, N. C., in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers. The gifted authoress was allowed twenty minutes in which to write them, and in the presence of the singers who were waiting to rehearse them. The sentiment expressed is indicative of the warm sympathies stirring Southern hearts, as well as the grateful appreciation entertained for the noble, benevolent response made in the North to the appeals for succor coming from the fever-stricken districts of our common country:

Air, "God Save the King."  
 Lord, from our Southern land,  
 In mercy lift Thy hand,  
 Which presses sore;  
 For through its borders wide  
 Fell pestilence doth stride,  
 While famine by its side  
 Knocks at each door.  
 Lord, keep our hope alive,  
 Give us the strength to strive,  
 Against this foe;  
 Before Thy throne we kneel,  
 O Great Physician heal,  
 The wounds 'neath which 'we reel,  
 And end this woe!  
 Aside our strife we lay,  
 Both North and South, and pray  
 "Thy will be done."  
 And with one voice implore,  
 That when this plague is o'er,  
 We, as in days of yore,  
 Be truly one.

MARY BATARD CLARKE.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY F. R. LITTLEJOHN.

#### I.

You should have seen his eyes open as he caught sight of the ocean. Great blue eyes they were, just the color of the sea far, far away, where the ships were sailing. They were large eyes at any time, but now that they were full of astonishment and delight they appeared nearly double their ordinary size—almost too big for the very little boy to whom they belonged. They seemed to say simply, "Oh, oh!" as they watched the long line of waves break in white foam upon the beach.

It was evidently the child's first-view of the ocean; and what thoughts were making their way through his active brain I would not presume to say.

I glanced up from my book to look at the little fellow, whose face was a new one to me. I knew almost all the children who were busy at their play in the sand. Many of them were firm friends of mine, others were nodding acquaintances, and others still were only familiar faces with whom I had never exchanged smiles, but had noticed frequently at their play.

Our friend, I should judge, was five years of age, and possessed a very decided will of his own. He was a city child, for his skin had the in-door whiteness, which would soon wear off now, I thought with a sigh of satisfaction. One little hand had a tight grip of

his father's forefinger; but decidedly the most noticeable feature about him was his earnest gaze out of those great blue eyes.

"There, Eddie!" said his father, looking down at the little fellow, "what do you think of that?"

"Oh, papa!"

"Eh? 'Oh, papa!' You like it, then? Better than you expected, eh?"

"Y—e—s!"

His father smiled at his little son's emphatic tone, and shading his eyes with his hand—for the sun was blazing upon the beach—he watched the white sails of the yachts and schooners in the distance. In a minute more they both walked on, and were lost to my sight by the many intervening groups scattered all along the water's edge.

I turned again to my book, but found my thoughts persistently wandering in the direction of the new-comers. Eddie's whole appearance pleased me greatly, and I wondered if he were staying at the hotel or at one of the many boarding-houses that stood just back of the sand-hills. He could hardly be at my boarding-house, I mused; for it had been crowded, even to the parlors, and I knew that no one had left. That was a pity. Still I had made friends with several of the children in the other houses, as we met day after day on the beach, and perhaps Eddie and I might become acquainted in the same way. I determined to keep a sharp lookout for him.

By the time I had reached this conclusion a great wave rolled up so alarmingly near that I seized my book and shawl and ran back on the beach, very nearly overturning a mammoth fort that three little boys and a baby girl had erected just behind me.

There were shouts of terror as my shawl waved over it, like the flapping wing of a huge bird. But fortunately no damage was done, the fringe displacing one battlement only, which was repaired with speed, and a forgiving laugh by the tallest of the boys.

The next time I saw Eddie, he was quite a different looking object. He had on his little blue flannel bathing-suit, and was standing on the beach, just beyond the water-mark, shaking his head very earnestly at his father, who was trying to persuade him to venture farther.

Now the waves were simply the size of mountains in Eddie's eyes, and the idea of going within reach of them was really most terrifying to the little fellow. He enjoyed running down to the waves as they rolled in, and standing still as they lapped over his feet and ran out to sea again; but he did not care for any more intimate acquaintance with them. He preferred dancing around on the beach, like a little sand-fly, to tumbling about in the ocean, like a sportive porpoise.

But his father thought it very cowardly of Eddie to shrink from the breakers. He would have harder difficulties than those to overcome all his life long, and it would never do to try to avoid them. Eddie must learn to be brave as a soldier. But no; Eddie did not see the matter in the same light. He could not summon up his courage, but shook his head and cried, and ran away.

His father was greatly disappointed, I could see, as he turned and joined the bathers, and in a few minutes he called Eddie, in a displeased tone, as he ran up the beach to his bathing-house.

"Oh, oh!" thought I. "Can it be possible that such an earnest little man as Eddie

appears to be is really a coward at heart? I must get acquainted with him and satisfy myself about it."

But there seemed to be some fatality about our meeting. I did not see him again that day, nor the next, nor yet the next, and was beginning to despair of ever again catching a glimpse of his great blue eyes. The hotel and boarding-houses were full to overflowing, for the heat in the city had been intense, and had driven away all who could possibly escape from the burning pavements, so that now the beach was thronged with people, and I caught only occasional views of many of my little friends. I often walked up the beach, out of sound and sight of the pleasure-seekers.

It was on one of these walks that I suddenly happened across Eddie. He came dashing down from the sand-hills, with a large clam-shell in either hand. His shade hat had slipped from his head, and was hanging half-way down his back, and I saw, with joy, that the city whiteness was disappearing, replaced by a very rosy hue.

I knelt down in an instant and held out my arms, so that he ran right into them. You should have seen his surprise and indignation. It was really comical. But he had been so eager to reach a certain well he was busy over, and to finish scooping it out with those famous shells of his, that he had not noticed his steps, nor the great obstacle that had mischievously planted herself in his way.

The obstacle was at first afraid that she had made a life-long enemy by her hasty action, though she let him go at his very first struggle, and humbly asked to be forgiven. Forgiven? No, no. She saw by the vehement shake of the head that forgiveness was not to be so easily obtained. She cast about for a different method of action, and as he ran off a few steps and flung himself down before his well, she stood contemplating him, to find his weak point.

He had the same earnest gaze now fixed on his well that had attracted me before, as he had for the first time caught sight of the breakers. I tip-toed up behind him and looked over his bent head into the hole that he had dug. It was about a foot deep, and the sand at the bottom was very damp. One more earnest scoop of the shell, one more drawing out of the little arm and dumping of the sand on a mound before him, and then he had reached water.

"Famous!" I exclaimed in the most appreciative tone, hoping that a little timely praise would act as oil upon the troubled waters.

But no! he never raised his head, and I could see, by the extra amount of vehemence in his next thrust, that he regarded me in no more favorable light.

His persistent determination never to make friends with me amused me greatly, I must confess. I stood quite still behind him, partly for my own amusement in watching his extreme unconsciousness of my presence, partly for the gratification of knowing that I was teasing him.

Steadily he worked at the bottom of his well, digging up the sand, now with one hand, now with the other, for each was armed with a shell-shovel. The well was filling so rapidly that the water covered his wrists and wet his cuffs at the edges; but he seemed to think that cuffs were made to be wet, for he dived down all the deeper after having discovered their moist condition.

At last, with a little sigh of happiness, he



leaned his chin on his hand and rested from his labor. He was evidently satisfied with the result of his efforts; and he had reason to be, for his well was quite evenly rounded and half full of water. I did not dare to say a word, although my admiration of his exploit was keen. He did not look to me for sympathy.

But, presto!—I caught him up in my arms, all of a sudden, and away I ran at the top

But when I pointed to the spot that we ran from, and when he saw the moist sand, and his pretty well all broken in and running out to sea, he forgot his indignation in his sorrow over his lost plaything, and instantly started back for a closer inspection of the ruins. He picked up the two shells that the retreating wave had tried to carry off with it, and looked disconsolately at the well.

Now was my time. He needed comfort-

## II.

"That's a splendid story!" "Thank you ever so much!" cried two of the children, when I finished reading and laid down the paper; while a third piped out from the outskirts of the circle: "Oh, yes, thank you; and now another one please," for these devouring minds were, like cormorants, never satisfied.

I had gathered half a dozen of the little



EDDIE.

of my speed. A great wave with a curling crest had rolled up near us before breaking, and had run up the beach with a gentle, seething sound that warned me of our danger just in time.

I set him on his feet in an instant; but not before he had struggled and kicked with indignation. This was too much for him to bear—too great an insult for him to suffer a second time at the hand of a stranger. Such ignominious treatment, too! Just as if he, great, big five-year-old Eddie, had been a baby, unable to walk on his two sturdy legs.

ing, so I went to him; and I can assure you that before very many minutes had elapsed we were as firm friends as possible upon such a short acquaintance. He told me he was sorry for having kicked so, but he never saw "the monster wave," and thought I was only "plaguing him."

You may imagine I forgave him on the spot, and, begging a kiss of peace, allowed him to run back again among the sand-hills, where he had caught sight of his father, beckoning him, and waving his hat full of shells toward him.

ones around me that Sunday afternoon, and had amused them and myself for a full hour with stories and songs. Eddie lay at my side, his head on my lap and his hat drawn over his face, and the three boys who had built the famous fort that you remember had ranged themselves around me, almost in the shape of a fort, as if I needed protection from an unseen foe.

Another story! I had exhausted all the Children's Department of that week's CHURCHMAN, which was the only paper I had with me. When I told them so there was a gen-



eral moan; and one of the boys, who was sure that he could find something that I had not read in the paper, took it from my lap and looked it through. He was unsuccessful in his search, however, and was about to give it up when a word suddenly caught his eye.

"Hullo, Eddie!" he cried, "what are you doing here?"

Eddie sprang up, not knowing what he meant.

"Doing where?" said he.

"Why in here—here you are in print, plain as anything; 'Eddie Van Vorst, twenty-five cents,'" he read with interest.

"Oh," and Eddie sank down on his knees and bashfully pulled his hat over his face.

"Let me see," said I, taking the paper from the reluctant hand of the little reader.

Yes, there was Eddie's name in the list of contributors to the Churchman Cot. The children instantly gathered closely around me, climbing in my lap, and leaning over my shoulder to see, for they thought it a wonderful thing that Eddie's name should be really in print. Evidently none of the children had heard anything about the Cot, for they asked Eddie and me all manner of curious questions, so many in fact that I found I had better begin at the very commencement, and let them know all about it. Which I did. And when I had ended telling these little know-nothings of all the work that you, my readers, have accomplished within the past year and a half, one of them said scornfully, "Shoot it!" and another said appreciatively, "How splendid!" and the rest said nothing at all; but I could see by their silence that they thought more of it than either of the others. So, seeing that they were really interested, I followed it up by telling them a thought in the shape of a story that had occurred to my mind that very afternoon, as I sat watching the breakers.

"It is an allegory; who can tell me what that means?" said I, as they settled themselves again around me.

"Oh! I know," said one; "it is a story with a moral at the end."

"No it isn't!" cried one of the boys; "it's a story that means another story; isn't it?" and he appealed to me.

"Yes," I said; "it is a story with a hidden meaning. It is not hidden very deep. I think that every one of you can find it out if you put your wits to work."

"All right; give it to us then," said a lively little fellow, catching the paper just as the wind was whistling it over his shoulders.

"Once upon a time," I began, "I looked out upon the ocean, away out beyond the breakers. The sea was very boisterous. It was not the beautiful color that we see it now, but a dark, cold, ugly hue, a mixture of green and gray and black, and the skies above it were no warmer in color and were fully as tempestuous in appearance. The wind was blowing fiercely, and was fairly lashing the sea into a fury. But suddenly, above the noise of the tempest, I thought I heard a cry of distress. I listened, and in an instant heard it repeated. It was a piercing cry. 'Some poor ship,' thought I, 'is going to pieces in the storm, and there is no help.' And then I noticed that in the rolling waves there appeared to be dark objects tossing hither and thither. By means of a glass I discovered that these were human beings, striking out wildly for the shore. I watched them for a long time. I was powerless to assist them. Many I noticed went under without rising again to

the surface. At last my attention was arrested by a little child, nearer land than the rest. Her face was pinched and pale, and her arms, that she reached out longingly for the shore, were very thin. Then I saw just how inviting the beach must have appeared to her. The sun was shining warmly upon it, the sky was blue above it, and many little shipwrecked children had been washed in, and were being warmed, and dried, and doctored, and tenderly cared for by willing hands and loving hearts. It is no wonder that the little one cried and struggled with such a prospect before her eyes. She recognized some of the children as being companions of hers, not long since struggling as she was against this 'sea of troubles.' And now they looked actually happy, and many of them as if they were going to get well of all their wounds and bruises. Before long she had reached the breakers. I watched her with bated breath, for I hoped that each wave would bring her in. But I noticed that in the ebb and flow, each wave helped her a little on her way, but only a little; it would take a great many of them to place her out of danger on the beach. Now and then a great towering wave would roll in and assist wonderfully; but they were only now and then waves, almost all being much smaller and less powerful; some indeed, I saw with sorrow, seemed hardly more than ripples. Oh how I longed, and still long, for one of the huge breakers to land her high and dry on the beach; but no, there seem to be only little wavelets to bring her in; I look in vain."

"What, isn't she in yet?" said one of the boys, jumping up excitedly, with spirit enough to carry him off to her rescue.

"She must be, I don't see her," said a little girl, looking intently far out over the sea.

"Shoot it, it's only a story!" said my liveliest auditor.

"Yes. It is a story," said I, "but with a hidden meaning; now who can read me my riddle?"

There was silence for a few minutes. Eddie looked up in my face as if that would reveal it to him, the little girl gazed at a passing seagull as if he might let fall the secret, and the boys tumbled over in the sand as if a few gymnastics would clear their brains and sharpen their wits.

But my face told nothing, and the gymnastics did no good, and the sea-gull let fall merely a suggestion.

"Were the sick children that were nursed and taking medicine, were they hospital children?" asked the little girl, catching at the gull's hint.

"Yes!" said I. "Come, boys, it is your turn now to throw light."

"Give it up!" cried one.

"Oh, don't give up as easily as that," said I. "Put your wits to work. Who was the child in the breakers, looking with longing eyes at the hospital? She is not in the hospital yet, remember, but the breakers are taking her there very steadily."

"Is it the child all of us are giving money for, to be made well again?" asked Eddie with a quick smile.

"Yes," said I, "you have guessed right. And those that went down at sea are the poor and sick ones that nobody cared for; and now tell me what the breakers are."

"The self-denial pennies?" asked Eddie, sure this time of being right.

"But why were there big waves and little

waves? Pennies are pennies," said one of the boys.

I opened the paper and pointed to the list of contributors to the Cot, while they all leaned over and looked with interest.

"Now I call that only a tiny wavelet, only a tiny one," said I, for there were only ten dollars mentioned that week, and not more than half-a-dozen names. "I have seen the list sometimes extend over a column in length, and the money collected during the week—oh I don't know how much, but nearly a hundred dollars—now that is what I call a towering wave. But every week now, as I open the paper, I see only these little wavelets, and know by that that many little children must have grown 'weary in well doing,' and have given up saving their pennies for the Cot. Isn't it too bad?"

The little girl drew my head down to hers and whispered—and it was no bird this time, but only her own heart that suggested the thought to her—"Can I give some money. I have quite a great deal, and will that help make the big wave?"

Now, although this was said in a very low tone the boys overheard it, and all, with the exception of the very lively one, who cried "Shoot it," and ran away, agreed to earn as much money as they could, and to send it at the end of Summer to the Cot. And so they set to work. And that is the way I saw Eddie earning his money yesterday.

He had on his blue flannel bathing-suit, and he was standing at the water's edge, waiting for his father. In a minute his father came to him, and Eddie called out bravely, "All ready now, papa!" as he shut his great blue eyes up tight, and gulped down the lump of fear that had risen in his throat. His father took him up in his strong arms, and in a minute they both disappeared in the foam of a long breaker. So Eddie proved that he was no coward, after all.

Will you, my readers, try and earn more pennies, so that, added to the money of these sea-side friends of mine, they will form a towering wave that will wash the little one quite in-shore?

### THE CHURCHMAN COT.

*Contributions to "The Churchman Cot" at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, for the week ending Monday, October 14th, 1878:*

Eddie Faison Roberts, birthday memorial to his little brother, Newbern, N. C.,	\$1.00
Infant class, Church of the Redeemer, Elgin, Ill.,	24
Armitage Bradley, Indianapolis, Ind.,	1.00
Little Bertie,	50
A little boy, Rock Island, Ill.,	1.00
A Friend, Chicago, Ill.,	10.00
H. S., Racine, Wis.,	1.00
Helen and Gertie, Philadelphia, Pa.,	2.00
A Friend, Leesburg, Va.,	5.00
Kenneth and Percy Smith, second contribution, Dixon, Ill.,	51
Receipts for the week,	22.25
Total receipts,	<b>\$2,753.07</b>

### COLLEGIATE AND ACADEMIC.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.—The far-reaching effects of the terrible scourge of yellow fever now visiting the Mississippi Valley may be seen in the appeal made to the Churchmen of the North by the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, D.D., Dean of the Theological Faculty of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., published in our issue of this week.

CATHEDRAL SCHOOLS, GARDEN CITY, L. I.—These schools opened at an early date, on the 11th of September. St. Paul's began the year at once with a full list of pupils. St. Mary's with nearly a full list. The warden being ill, the chapel service on the opening day was conducted by the Rev. Dr. T. S. Drowne, who is the dean of the theological school. Mr. Hilton visited the schools during the day.



**ZELIN PRIZE SCHOLARSHIP.**—St. Andrew's church, Philadelphia, has deposited \$300 with the Evangelical Educational Society, to be awarded, in June, 1879, to the student in either of the Episcopal Divinity Schools of Cambridge, Philadelphia, Alexandria, Gambier or S. wance who shall be thought "the most correct, intelligent, and impressive reader of the Bible and Prayer Book in the services of the Church."

**RUGBY ACADEMY, WILMINGTON, DEL.**—This school for boys began its seventh year on the 3d of September, under most auspicious circumstances. The boarding department being situated in the suburbs of the city of Wilmington, which is noted for its healthy and picturesque locality, is under the immediate charge of the Rev. R. Heber Murphy, A.M. In addition to the usual thorough classical studies in Rugby, Dr. S. W. Murphy, the principal, has engaged the ablest teachers for the business department, and the department of modern languages. A noteworthy feature of the school is the excellent opportunity the pupils have to learn the important branches of elocution and English literature. Prof. Murdoch, the elocutionist and teacher, of Philadelphia, teaches in Rugby, and James T. Fields, LL.D., of Boston, will deliver a course of lectures on "English Literature" during the Winter.

**GRISWOLD COLLEGE AND TRINITY SCHOOL, DAVENPORT, IOWA.**—The new year of these institutions has opened with encouraging prospects. In the college there are representatives in two classes of the department of arts; the theological school has two students, and in the preparatory branch, under the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, the new head-master, there are now twenty boys, and the number will probably be increased by eight or ten by the end of this month.

Trinity school opened with about twenty girls.

### CONFIRMATIONS.

**VERMONT.**—Newport, 1; Irasburgh, 4; Island Pond, 7; Waterford, 3; St. Johnsbury, 8.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—At Quincy, 17.

**NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.**—At Norwood, by the Bishop of Rhode Island, for the bishop of the diocese (1 in private), 9.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**—At White Horse Mission, 2; Greenville, 8; Welford, 3; Spartanburg (2 in private), 14; Union, 2.

### PERSONALS.

The Bishops of Long Island and New Jersey have returned from England.

The Rev. A. T. Ashton has resigned the charge of St. Thomas's church, Amenia, and will assume the rectorship of Trinity church, Haverstraw, N. Y., November 3d.

The Rev. Hugh Bailey has accepted the rectorship of Trinity church, Camden, N. Y. Address, as heretofore, No. 15 Lansing street, Utica, N. Y.

The Rev. Joseph Beers's address is No. 35 Fifth street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

The Rev. Nathaniel L. Briggs's address has been changed from No. 141 Susquehanna avenue to No. 322 Richmond street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. Thomas Burrows has resigned the rectorship of St. John's church, Ashley, Pa., and accepted that of the church of the Ascension, Burlington, and St. Andrew's church, Emporia, Kansas. Address, Emporia.

The Rev. George C. Carter's address is No. 126 East Twenty-fourth street, New York city.

The Rev. Dr. G. F. Cushman's address has been changed from No. 279 West Taylor street, to No. 124 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter's address is No. 112 East Twenty-fifth street, New York city.

The Rev. W. Landsberger has been appointed to take charge of the German mission, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Rev. J. J. Lloyd has accepted the rectorship of St. John's church, Liberty, Va.

The Rev. Mr. McBride has been appointed missionary at Eden and Fairview, Dakota.

The Rev. John G. Miller, lately of the Diocese of Michigan, has taken charge of the congregation at Bismarck, Dakota.

The Rev. A. H. Ormsbee's address is No. 38 Hart street, Utica, N. Y.

The Rev. Newton Perkins's address is No. 2 Bible House, New York city.

The Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter has returned from Europe.

The Rev. C. C. Randolph's address is Fincastle, Botetourt county, Va.

The Rev. J. Macbride Sterrett has accepted an appointment as missionary in Potter county, Pennsylvania. Address, Coudersport, Pa.

The Rev. W. W. Walker has resigned the rectorship of the parish at Amherst, Va.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following amounts have been received by the treasurer of the Diocese of Northern New Jersey, from parishes in that diocese, for sufferers by yellow fever:

Holy Communion, Paterson.....	\$36.00
St. Mark's, Orange.....	54.50
St. Mark's, Mendham.....	20.00
St. John's, Dover.....	16.00
Mediator, Edgewater.....	23.50
Good Shepherd, Hamburg.....	15.00
Holy Innocents, West Orange.....	16.10
St. Paul's, East Orange.....	40.00
St. Paul's, Hoboken.....	15.37
Grace, Newark.....	183.25
Christ, Newark.....	125.00
St. Stephen's, Newark.....	37.28
Trinity, Newark.....	145.60
Trinity, Irvington.....	20.93
Grace, Orange.....	137.37
St. Peter's, Morristown.....	232.50
Christ, Belleville.....	20.85
Christ, Newton.....	49.43

Christ, Ridgewood.....	114.80
Epiphany, Allendale.....	36.36
Christ, Pompton.....	9.18
St. John's, Bayonne.....	14.00
St. John's, Free, Jersey City.....	63.00
St. John's, Woodside.....	37.00
St. Stephen's, Millburn.....	37.30
Grace, Madison.....	167.00
Holy Communion, South Orange.....	150.65
St. James's, Knowlton.....	4.45
Zion, Belvidere.....	27.00
St. John's, Passaic.....	11.00
Calvary, Pamapo.....	30.23
Holy Trinity, Jersey City.....	7.00
Calvary, Summit.....	36.00
Christ, East Orange.....	140.45
Grace, Jersey City.....	70.00
Grace, Greenville.....	27.35
St. John's, West Hoboken.....	23.11
St. Luke's, Montclair.....	160.60
Ascension, Jersey City.....	11.44
Trinity (Guild), Bayonne.....	255.05
Grace, Franklin.....	47.42
A friend, by the Rev. Dr. Rosé.....	50.00
M. E. S. School, Bayonne, by the Mayor, the Hon. Henry Meigs.....	7.64
Picnic O. U. A. M.....	5.00

Total to date.....\$2,785.71  
Newark, N. J., October 12th, A. D. 1878.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

MEMPHIS, October 10th, 1878.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

At last I can take the time to look over letters and memoranda, and send you the following list of amounts of money received by me for the relief of sufferers in this city.

In furnishing this list to THE CHURCHMAN, I desire to tender very heartfelt thanks to those who have done so much to help us in our work, and in relieving suffering which has been almost, if not altogether, unparalleled in the history of this country. I should like to reply to every one of the kind letters I have received; but that is impossible, and I must content myself with this general acknowledgment and expression of our grateful love.

These charities have been, and are being used, regardless of creed, color, or condition; the only consideration being that of the need of the recipient.

Our stricken South can never forget the love and generosity that have come to her from everywhere in the land. Yours very faithfully,

W. T. DICKINSON DALZELL.

Amounts received for sufferers from yellow fever in Memphis:

The Rev. Dr. Dix.....	\$700.00
The Rev. Dr. G. H. Houghton.....	500.00
A. M. Johnson, Chattanooga.....	11.45
Trinity Church, Clarksville, Tenn.....	15.00
St. James's Church, Wooster, Ohio.....	26.00
The Rev. Dr. Fulton, Milwaukee.....	115.00
The Rev. Chas. H. Cary, Jeffersonville, Ind.....	18.40
Christ Church, Little Rock, Ark.....	210.00
The Rev. John A. Morrison, Jackson, Tenn.....	27.00
Church of the Holy Communion, St. Louis.....	10.00
Mrs. S. M. Culer, Clarksville, Tenn.....	5.00
St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky.....	150.00
Mrs. E. A. Durborrow, Winsport, Ind.....	5.00
Through Bishop Quintard.....	99.62
The Rev. L. Wood, Newark, N. J.....	200.00
Christ Church, Houston.....	100.00
The Rev. Dr. Bannister, Huntsville, Ala.....	18.00
From Sunday school children at Cuero, Texas.....	4.55

A few amounts have been received by me with instructions to use them for the Sisters of St. Mary. In such cases I have handed the money to the sisters, and it will be acknowledged in their list of receipts.

W. T. DICKINSON DALZELL.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

MEMPHIS, October 7th.

Please make the following acknowledgments in THE CHURCHMAN:

From Christ church, Manhasset, L. I., one box to the Sisters of St. Mary, through Miss Messenger; from Roslyn, L. I., through Miss Messenger, one box; from the church of the Holy Communion, South Orange, N. J., one case; from St. John's church, Huntington, L. I., one box; from ladies at Rome, N. Y., one box. All these to the Sisters of St. Mary.  
D. MURDOCH, for Sisters of St. Mary.

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I will send a Pamphlet, descriptive of my Patent Boots and Shoes and Patent Lasts, free to all who mention THE CHURCHMAN in their application.

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A YOUNG CLERGYMAN, wishing to enter upon parish work where there is a large population that might be brought into the Church, desires to enter into correspondence with officers of such vacant parishes. Address, CLERGYMAN, CHURCHMAN Office, New York.

A WIDOW with a small income, communicant of the Church, desires to take charge of a gentleman's or clergyman's family for the sake of a home and employment. Address MRS. ELLIOT, office of THE CHURCHMAN.

A YOUNG AMERICAN LADY, ten years resident in Germany, experienced in teaching the English, German, and French languages, also the rudiments of music, desires a situation in a family or school. Address "E. B.," care of CHURCHMAN, 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

A LADY wishes a situation as governess, companion, private secretary and copyist, or to take control of children. Good references given and required. Address N. C. care of Dr. J. Randolph Page, 230 Linden avenue, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED.—A situation as matron in a school, or companion to an elderly person or quite young lady, or as housekeeper in a gentleman's family where there are no menial services. Address Miss A. L. TUTTLE, Hudsandale, Carbon Co., Penn.

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WANTED.—Two or three persons—Episcopalians—of either sex, to engage in a light and somewhat lucrative out-door business. Apply with references from clergymen if possible, by letter to J. P., office of CHURCHMAN, 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

WANTED.—A lady of unexceptionable character, a communicant of the Church, to assist in teaching vocal and instrumental music in a Church school. Salary moderate. Address MISS JONES, Oconomowoc, Wis.

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The School opens for the next term on the 18th of September. For further information apply to the DEAN or to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees and Overseers.

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Will reopen September 19th. A few more Boarders will be received. For circulars, address as above,

**HOME INSTITUTE**, Tarrytown, N. Y., A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, will reopen on Wednesday, Sept. 11th. For circulars, address  
MISS M. W. MTCALF, Principal.

**HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**, Beverly, N. J. Fifth year will begin Sept. 18th. Healthy location. Thorough instruction. Terms, \$250 per year. Mrs. FANNIE MORROW, Principal; Miss EMMA PRINGLE, Assistant.

## INDUSTRIAL BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Terms, \$100 a Year.

Address, THE SISTER SUPERIOR, St. John Baptist House, 238 East 17th Street, New York.

**LA GRANGE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**,  
Recommended by the Rev. C. A. Maisson, S. A. Albone, LL.D., and Prof. E. J. Houston.  
MISS M. G. CONNELL, Principal,  
Kingsessing, Philadelphia.

## INSTRUCTION.

MILNOR HALL, KENYON COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,  
Gambier, Ohio,

A HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Scholars can enter at any time. Christmas Term begins Sept. 5th, 1878. For Catalogues, apply to the Principal,  
J. P. NELSON, C.E. & M.E.

## MISS BALLOW'S

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, No. 24 East 23d street, will reopen on Thursday, September 26th.

## MADAME CLEMENT'S SCHOOL,

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, GERMANTOWN, PENN. (ESTABLISHED 1837. The School will reopen Wednesday, September 15th. For Circulars apply to  
MISS E. CLEMENT.

## MISS CROSTOCK,

Nos. 32 and 34 West 40th St., Facing Park. Boarding pupils limited to sixteen. German and French resident teachers; English and German Kindergarten; Private class for boys; Special advanced classes and Art class in October. Punctual attendance requested on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th.

## MISS EDMONDS.

Boarding and Day School for Girls.

Judicious teaching and motherly care. Young children a specialty. Highest references. Reopens Sept. 23d.  
37 East 29th street, New York.

## MRS. GARRETSON,

assisted by MISS THURSTON, will reopen her ENGLISH, FRENCH, and GERMAN BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for Young Ladies and Children, No. 52 West 4th street, New York, on Wednesday, September 25th. Great prominence given to MUSIC. The Kindergarten will reopen October 1st.

CONNECTICUT, Stamford.

MRS. RICHARDSON'S ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Reopens September 23d.

## MRS. SYLVANUS REED'S SCHOOL.

Nos. 6 & 8 East 53d St., New York,  
A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

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The health record of this School from the beginning proves that a high standard of health and a high standard of scholarship are entirely compatible.

MRS. VAN KIRK'S TRAINING SCHOOL for Kindergartners, No. 1333 Pine Street, Philadelphia, will begin November 5th.

## MRS. WILLIAMS'

ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for Young Ladies and Children, 26 West 39th street, reopens Sept. 26th. Lecture course commences 1st Nov.

## POUGHKEEPSIE FEMALE ACADEMY,

Rev. D. G. WRIGHT, D.D., Rector. The facilities for a thorough and finished education are second to none, with no effort is spared to make this a REFINED, CHRISTIAN, and HAPPY HOME FOR PUPILS. For circulars, containing terms, references, etc., please address the REC10R, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## POTTER HALL,

Andalusia, Pa.

A HOME BOARDING SCHOOL FOR LITTLE BOYS. Two and a half hours from New York. Half hour from Philadelphia, Pa. Charges moderate; number limited Ninth year begins Monday, 9th September, 1878.  
A. N. ARMS, JR., Principal.

## RUGBY ACADEMY,

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A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

References: Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Bishops Lay, Lee, Pinkney, and many others. Terms \$250 to \$300 per annum For Catalogue address  
DR. SAMUEL W. MURPHY, A.M., Principal.

## SEASIDE HOME,

ASBURY PARK, N. J.  
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children Reopens Sept. 19th, 1878.  
Address MISS J. ROSS, Principal.

## ST. CATHARINE'S HALL.

DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.  
The Eleventh year of this school will begin Sept. 12th, Miss MARTHA E. DAVIS, Principal. For circulars address the Rev. SAMUEL UPJOHN, Rector, Augusta, Me.

## ST. CATHARINE'S HALL.

DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,  
256 Washington Ave., near DeKalb Ave.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Under the Charge of the Deaconesses of Long Island. Half-yearly terms begin St. Matthew's Day (Sept. 21st), and Feb. 11th. Rector, Rt. Rev. A. N. LITTLEJOHN, D.D., Bishop of Long Island.

## ST. GABRIEL'S SCHOOL

Peekskill, N. Y.

This School will reopen on Monday, Sept. 23d, 1878. Address as above, The Mother Superior, Sisters of S. Mary.

## ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.  
Nos. 21 and 23 West Thirty-second Street,  
Between Broadway and Fifth Ave., New York  
Rev. THEODORE IRVING, LL.D., Rector.

## INSTRUCTION.

ST. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,  
WATERBURY, CONN.  
Advent Term will open (D.V.) Wednesday, Sept. 18th, 1878. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M.A. Rector.

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

8 East 46th Street, New York.

The Sisters of St. Mary will reopen their School on Monday, September 23d, 1878. Address the SISTER SUPERIOR, as above.

## ST. MARY'S HALL, Fairbault, Minn.

Rt. Rev. H. B. WHIPPLE, D.D., Rector.  
Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal.  
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## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

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The Rt. Rev. THOS. ATKINSON, D.D., LL.D., } Visitors.  
The Rt. Rev. THEO. B. LYMAN, D.D., }  
The Rev. BENNETT SMEDS, A.M., Rector-Principal.  
Mrs. KATE DE ROSSET MEARES, Lady Principal.  
This School is recommended for Northern girls for whom a milder climate is desirable.  
For circular address the Rector.

## TRINITY SCHOOL, TIVOLI-ON-THE-HUDSON.

Healthful location; home comforts; thorough training; assiduous care of health, manners, and morals, and the exclusion of bad boys, cannot be found in this school. The Twelfth year will begin Sept. 10th. For Catalogue address The Rev. JAMES STARR CLARK, D.D., Rector.

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